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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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STRIKING WORKMEN RIOT IN FRONT OF NRA HEADUARTERS, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 13.
Photo by Keystone View Co.

Farewell and Hail

THE DEATH OF A WORLD. Being Volume Four of "The Soul Enchanted." By Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by Amalia De Alberti. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1933. 2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IT is years ago, and it seems many more since I met Annette Rivière, daughter of Raoul Rivière, successful Parisian architect and successful lover. And it seems curious to remember how well I did know her in those distant days of her girlhood, just after her father died; for, to put it quite plainly, we lived together for several months. She had no secrets from me. I was with her when she discovered from her father's papers that she had an illegitimate and hitherto unsuspected sister; and I was with her when she hunted out her sister Sylvia in a sixth floor hall bedroom on the Boulevard du Maine. The early tempestuous relationship of the two girls, sired by the same father but temperamental poles apart, was an open book to me; I assisted, in the French sense of the word, at both their quarrels and their passionate reunions. I saw Tullio, the handsome young Italian, come and go; and I was privy to Annette's thoughts while she debated the rival attractions of Marcel Franck, the connoisseur of art, and Roger Brissot, the muscular and eloquent Burgundian who looked forward with untroubled confidence to a great political career. I watched her fall in love with Brissot, and then out of love with him; and I knew the hour and the moment when, in a gust of pity and passion that was empty of love, she momentarily gave herself to Roger, with fateful consequences.

But at this point, lest there be any misunderstanding in the minds of respectable readers, it may be best to explain that I first met Annette when I began to translate "Annette et Sylvie," the first volume of that long novel of which "'The Death of a World" now appears as the fourth volume. The days and nights that I spent with her were spent as a translator, and I am ready to confess that I did not find her, or M. Rolland's prose, always lovable. As time is measured in novels, she was a young girl then and she is now in the vicinity of fifty. According to another

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A Self-Appointed Love-Child's Poems*

By LEONARD BACON

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning after,
Thanks for your [illegible] laughter,
Increasing with geometrical progression
Even at the bitter end of the Depression!
And is it not amusing (oh, not half!)
To live to see you write its epitaph?

I'm really grateful for this latest volume,
Because it's serious without being solumn,
Grateful for asinine, engaging wheezes
That make us all forget our lost chemises,
Grateful for jests, sharp as a dental pain,
That make us all remember them again.

It really is surprising how your foolery
Escapes from being what you'd call "paste joolery,"
How from some idiot phrase your gnomic mirth
Contrives what yet may edify the earth,
How often from your literary litter
You get the authentic diamond to glitter.

On this I've wondered in and out of season,
And think at length that I discern a reason.
You represent, at least my guess is such,
Something of ours that hasn't spoken much.
I do not mean at all the Forgotten Man,
By you discovered to be Mr. Gann,
No economic skeleton, no obsessed
Son of the North or South or East or West,
But something made on quite another plan,
Something really living, though American,
That's humorous, with a taste for casual witticism
And not by any means above self-criticism
That likes the Adirondacks, also beer,
And does not greet the unknown with a cheer
Like Grover Whalen, but, unbrigaded, draws
Its own conclusions, which are right, because
They're founded on the bedrock of good sense,
Something not always obvious but immense

(*Continued on page* 202)

* *HAPPY DAYS. By Ogden Nash. New York: Simon & Schuster.* 1933. $2.

The Roosevelt Leadership*

BY PAUL BLANSHARD

I DOUBT that there will ever be a period in American history more inspiring to historians than the last six months. When Franklin Roosevelt came to the presidency last March the nation was not only panic-stricken by a great banking crisis, but the faith of the average American in the nation's capacity to regulate its own affairs was profoundly shaken. The hopelessness of the fifteen million unemployed did not exceed the hopelessness of business men, lawyers, and labor leaders in the future of our social organization.

Then something happened; a leader arrived upon the scene. Circumstances, the radio, and the ballyhoo of the press expanded Franklin D. Roosevelt almost to the stature of a miracle man. Now, looking back over those six months, it is clear that our new national hero deserves a large part of the acclaim that has come to him. Part of his reputation is due, no doubt, to the flattering contrast between himself and the man he followed; part also is due to the unusual circumstances which forced greatness upon him. And yet, when all qualifications are recorded, the record of Mr. Roosevelt's first six months in office is a record of astonishing achievement which careful analysis does not mitigate. Future historians writing about these first six months may succeed in debunking the Roosevelt program because of its numerous miscalculations and its failure to carry through a planned procedure of complete national reconstruction. But if Roosevelt fails, it will not be because he began badly.

Cleveland Rodgers, of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, has outlined in running style the chief facts concerning these astonishing six months. If at times there is an unnecessary amount of hero worship in his tale, that is offset by the candid presentation of some of the limitations and difficulties in the Roosevelt program. The average reader will find in the book exactly what he wants to know concerning the administration's recovery program, told in a readable way.

Circumstances forced Roosevelt to attempt three things. When he first became President he was compelled to adopt certain emergency measures to open the banks and restore national confidence in the capacity of the government at Washington to bring order out of chaos. After he accomplished this end the second great task arose, the task of restoring prosperity to a nation in the midst of its worst depression. Coincident with this problem was the greater problem of establishing a new collective basis for American economy. I shall discuss here these three phases of the Roosevelt program, although the tripartite distinction is only one of convenience.

The first official success of the Roosevelt administration was the sweeping bank-holiday declaration issued less than thirty-six hours after the inauguration, giving the Federal government control over our entire banking and monetary system. Any President would have been compelled to issue a similar edict, since the bank closings in Michigan, Illinois, and New York had forced such a decision, but Roosevelt handled the situation with such skill that necessity was made into a triumph. Looking back now on those first few days of the administration it seems that the President's radio voice was more important in winning national acclaim than the soundness of the banking policy. He could have gone much further than he did in wresting the control of finance from private bankers, since the bankers themselves were so paralyzed with fear of actual physical disorder that they would have offered little resistance.

The President went on then to take America from the gold standard, a procedure which was flatly contradictory to his campaign speeches and pledges, but which circumstances forced upon him. Here too, his radio explanation seemed to affect the outcome quite as much as any wisdom in his policy. The transition from the gold standard to what-have-you has been contemplated with profound horror by economists and politicians before and since Grover Cleveland, but Franklin Roosevelt breezed through the crisis with such casual cheerfulness that the nation scarcely realized what was happening. In such a transition it was almost as important for the people to believe that the right thing was being done as to do the thing, and certainly, Mr. Roosevelt, by his really astounding buoyancy in the dark hours of last March, accomplished what many a more profound student could not have done. This type of strength he did not reveal as Governor of New York. This new boldness was almost a complete surprise to his friends and his enemies alike.

When once Roosevelt had come through the first emergency, his second great task was to use government in restoring prosperity. It was lucky for him that the government's success in handling the banking crisis had broken down the last line of resistance of the old Hoover individualism. Bankers, who had just been saved from complete ruin by the government, could not gracefully protest against further government "interference" in business. Anyway, the interminable dawdling

* *THE ROOSEVELT PROGRAM. By Cleveland Rodgers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.* 1933. $2.

This Week

IT WAS THE NIGHTINGALE
By FORD MADOX FORD
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

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By A. G. KELLER
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OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA
By ALICE TISDALE HOBART
Reviewed by Lady Dorothea Hosie

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
Edited by EARL LESLIE GRIGGS
Reviewed by George MacLean Harper

PINDORAMA
By DESMOND HOLDRIDGE
Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

THE FOLDER
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

JOHN HAY
By TYLER DENNETT
Reviewed by John Bassett Moore

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of the Hoover administration had disgusted the public with a hands off policy. People were hungry for a strong central government and more of it. The hunger was almost as strong in Wall Street as it was in Kansas. Roosevelt was quick to see the new national appetite for a hero. He saw that even Congress yearned to debase itself before him and to surrender to him such bothersome questions as salary cuts and the decrease in veterans' pensions. What followed was a sudden shift of the control of the American government from Congress to the executive, all done so quickly that even Mr. James Beck hardly had time to catch his breath. The constitutionalists who roared that democracy was being destroyed received scant attention. The nation was suddenly jerked back by necessity to the realization that the only sacred thing in any government is public will. In this case the public will was that something should be done and done quickly by the one man whom the people trusted.

In five days the President was given power to rewrite the entire veterans' pension system, cutting the veterans' allowances almost in half. Imagine what would have happened if Congress had attempted to carry such a proposal to success through swarms of lobbyists and months of filibustering. As it was, there was much support in Congress for Congressman Patman's weird scheme of a fiat money bonus of two billion dollars. Likewise, the power to cut Federal salaries was given to the President, and he promptly exercised it.

This new idea of a United States Congress laying down general principles of legislation and allowing the executive to fill in all the details developed into a habit. It seems to me that this idea is a perfectly sound one in both business and politics, but it had never before been given full expression in America except in wartime. When Congress saw how easily the whole pension and salary problem had been solved by passing the buck to [illegible] to follow the same policy in regard to the larger program for meeting the crisis. On their own initiative they passed bills calling for inadequate but welcome relief for the unemployed through state laws; then they shifted the responsibility for further details to the President. They heaped upon the President in one blanket bill the most astonishing collection of powers ever gathered together under a title. Almost all of these powers were permissive, so that the public, when it read the newspapers in the morning, did not actually know what was going to happen. Once a law had been a law; now it might lead to social revolution or the filing cabinet, depending upon the mood of the chief executive.

"PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—THE FINANCIER NERO."
A Cartoon from Punch. *The thumbs presumably represent Hull and Moley.*

In the field of agriculture the President's new powers went beyond the wildest dreams of the agricultural interventionists who had hammered at Hoover for years in behalf of allotment plans. The Federal government was authorized to pay farmers to curtail their production, and the money for the payment was to come from a tax on the processors of agricultural goods. Nothing like such an attempt to plan agriculture had ever before been tried outside of Soviet Russia. No one knows yet how it will come out. The price of wheat jumped from 50 cents to a dollar, but that was due not so much to the manipulations of Mr. Wallace as to the stinginess of Jupiter Pluvius.

In the field of public works the President was on firmer ground, and his $3,300,000,000 public works appropriation has already done much to bring about industrial revival. This gigantic public works appropriation, incidentally, unbalances the national budget in spite of the administration's claims to the contrary, but what is a balanced budget among paupers? I think that the administration is quite correct in its emphasis upon public works expenditures, and if our states and cities showed half as much aggression in this field we would be much better off than we are today. John Maynard Keynes has demonstrated how fundamentally a few million dollars in public works expenditures may affect the whole national economy. Secretary Ickes is now applying the Keynes philosophy at the most logical point, federal housing for the slum districts of our great cities.

These recovery features of Roosevelt's program do not seem to me, however, sufficiently basic to rescue a machine civilization from doom. Reports that I have heard from the farming areas indicate that the farmers are "curtailing production" by failing to cultivate their most barren land, land which would yield almost no product even under the best cultivation. The electric power output for the first week of October actually dropped, when an increase at this time of the year is usual. Three million men have gone back to work because work has been passed around under the N. R. A., but the actual restoration of bulk purchasing power seems still to be accomplished.

The *New York Times* Business Index, published since Mr. Rodgers completed his book, shows that more than half of the business gains of last spring have been lost since the N. R. A. became effective. From March to June business rose 63 per cent, payrolls rose 25 per cent, and employment 15 per cent. Employment held up tolerably well during August and September but production fell off so sharply that employment is almost certain to follow suit.

[illegible] capitalism until he reduces that share of the national income which now goes to the debt burden. Our total debt is probably about 225 billion dollars. Would it not have been possible for him to declare at the time of the banking crisis that the national emergency demanded a reduction of 3 per cent in the interest of all outstanding private indebtedness and a 50 per cent reduction in interest on public indebtedness? The recent refunding of a part of the national debt is an indication that Roosevelt realizes the need of moving in this direction.

Also, Roosevelt has still to meet the challenge of the stabilized dollar. He has already waited too long to declare what his policy will be on that point. Business is waiting in a dreadful uncertainty for some final word as to the point at which the dollar of the future will be pegged. It would seem a logical moment for the President to announce a policy looking toward a price level, let us say, 15 per cent below the 1926 level.

Roosevelt's greatest failure, of course, has been in the field of international relations, a failure which Mr. Rodgers describes but does not emphasize. The failure of the London Conference is no small blot upon the Roosevelt escutcheon, even if we grant that his national selfishness in seeking to establish a higher price level in the United States was more sound than the selfishness of the gold-bloc nations.

The London Conference need never

A DUTCH VIEW OF THE BRAIN TRUST.
From De Groene Amsterdammer.

have been called if Roosevelt had understood his own mind in advance, and the manner of his rebuke of European statesmen at London was in sharp contrast to his usual felicity. Mr. Roosevelt has failed on almost all international fronts, but his failure has been disguised by the verve and vigor of his domestic policy. He has not broken down tariff barriers; he has not increased Europe's love of America; he has launched America upon a naval building program of thirty-two new warships at a cost of $238,000,000 at a time when every new American gun is an incitement to the construction of a new Japanese and British gun. Certainly, there is no conscious malevolence in this policy of armament, since Mr. Roosevelt probably loves peace as much as the rest of us. His mistakes in foreign policy seem to be chiefly the ill-considered actions of a very busy man so absorbed in domestic problems that he allows the foreign section of his mind to be ruled by the traditions of a young and militant assistant secretary of the Navy in Wilson's administration. The President's abruptness in the Cuban situation recently almost led us to a national disaster.

[illegible] state. No one can say how conscious his move toward a new economic framework for our society has been. I suspect that it has been quite conscious. In these last six months we have witnessed an astounding revolution in the public's attitude toward the control of economic life. The National Recovery Act has taken us swiftly and surely into an era of managed capitalism, and I doubt that we can ever turn back to the rugged individualism of pre-Roosevelt days. The mere fact that all the employers in a given industry are called upon to act together in establishing an ethical code for economic conduct is itself, I think, the greatest single moral gain of our generation. All that the soap box orators have been shouting for years about child labor and long hours is now written into the national law. Those rights of collective bargaining, for which labor leaders have gone to prison, are now defended by as fine a collection of liberal statesmen as America has ever had—Frances Perkins, Harold Ickes, Rexford Tugwell, Leo Wolman, Sidney Hillman, and the rest. What a contrast to the ingrowing capitalism of Hoover, Mellon, and Doak! For this, at least, we must be grateful.

Is the state-managed capitalism which is emerging from the N. R. A. a step toward socialism? I think it is much nearer to socialism than to fascism, not an orthodox class-struggle type of socialism, but a fair enough brand, none the less. I do not think that collectivism imposed by a national government from the top is necessarily fascist, and it seems to me that the sneers cast at the N. R. A., because of a non-working class type of control, are quite unjustified. Our American working class is utterly unready to bring about collective control of industry from the bottom. Under the circumstances, who could represent American labor adequately except people of the type of Frances Perkins? At present, there are, no doubt, many sore spots in American industry where the high professions of article 7A of the National Recovery Act are not redeemed, but the law is clear and if American labor leaders have any spark of fire and genius left in them, they can win a permanent place for themselves in the reorganized system.

Is there a middle ground between fascism and socialism, where American capitalism may find a temporary haven? I do not believe that there is a permanent middle ground, since the forces of private ownership are bound to use any industrial system for their own ends so long as profit is the primary aim of production, but that does not deny the possibility of a new and significant type of managed capitalism in the next generation. That, apparently, is the hope of the present masters of the N. R. A. If this comes to pass, we shall perhaps move from the mild semi-voluntary regulation of 1933 to firmer and more complete regulation of every industry, with price fixing by Federal departments and the gradual development in Washington of a great industrial bureaucracy of supervision and control. One cannot contemplate such a development without a great deal of hope, hope that it will be vastly better than the chaotic industrial individualism of the past, and hope that it will be the predecessor of an industrial system where the distribution of income will be correlated with merit.

If some critics say that the centralization of power in Washington is bound to lead to fascism as long as industry is operated for private profit, it seems to me that they are judging events by too narrow a formula. Centralized government control over industry is not necessarily against the interests of the working class merely because the working class is not in conscious control of the process. Nothing in the Roosevelt program resembles fascism except the assertion of governmental power over industry. Labor actually has a much higher status in America today than it did before the Roosevelt program came into effect. Mussolini and Hitler destroyed both the labor unions [illegible] because American liberals and the American working class fail to take advantage of their present opportunities.

* *

Paul Blanshard, Executive Director of the City Affairs Committee of New York, collaborated with Norman Thomas on the book, "What's the Matter with New York?"

South America

INDIAN AIR. By Paul Morand. Translated by Desmond Flower. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. $2.

IMPRESSIONS of Travel in South America, the subtitle of this book, would be a better name for it than the one it bears, for "Indian Air" is not exactly a travel book, or a socio-economic study of modern South America, but in large part a record of the thoughts and emotions aroused in Morand by physical or emotional landscape of the continent and the history and traditions of its peoples. Its style, at least in good part, is impressionistic and its mood sometimes mystical and sentimental. About the middle of the book, in the chapters dealing with Bolivia and Peru, M. Morand suddenly escapes from his exaltation of temper. Indeed, the contrast is amazing between the first ten chapters—the impressionistic stuff about air, the transatlantic telephone, the pampas, and the aeroplane—and the highly interesting and scholarly material of the second half. This part of the book is not only charmingly written, but gives evidence of a comprehensive and scientific knowledge of South America. It makes "Indian Air," despite its ridiculous early chapters, an interesting and moving book. Perhaps the reader would do well to omit the first ten chapters, since Morand himself did not do so.

Wootton Hall, which George Eliot immortalized as Donnithorne Chase in "Adam Bede," has been pulled down and is being transferred by a descendant of the novelist to Leek, Staffordshire.

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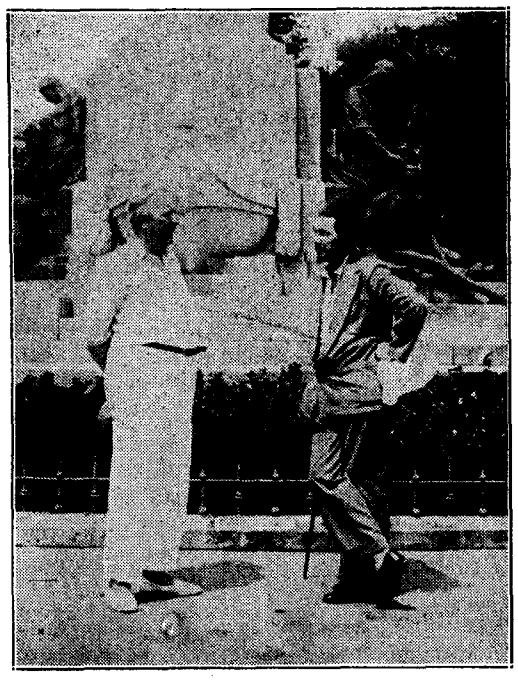
Uncle Ford

IT WAS THE NIGHTINGALE. By Ford Madox Ford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I HAVE known Ford Madox Ford as what I may be allowed to call an anecdotalist, both in person and on the printed page, for some years. He is always an engaging raconteur. Like all good raconteurs the absolute veracity of some of his stories may occasionally be called into question. This is through no fault of his own — for he is as honest a man as ever lived — rather is it his artistic sense at work upon an actual episode to make it just a little more striking than it actually was. This leads him at times into rather strange statements, but in general it does no harm and increases the reader's interest. I have been delighted before by his autobiographical style, particularly in "Thus to Revisit," a copy of which I happen to possess. It was Elinor Wylie's copy and is inscribed to her by the author with the quotation, "And did you once see Shelley plain?" She was always fond of Ford and his work. We both particularly enjoyed his poetry. His poem "On Heaven" meant a great deal to us at a crucial time in our lives, and I regard his other long poem "The House" as one of the most moving poetical works of the century.



FORD MADOX FORD AND EZRA POUND

To review "It Was the Nightingale" is merely to say "Read this book if you would enjoy hearing a distinguished man of letters give a rambling but never tedious account of his life and of his friends, among whom were some of the most notable people of our time." The man is one of the few "writers born." He can even take a slight happening like that of Hilaire Belloc's brief visit to St. Agrève and tell it in such a way as to fill it with significance. He can be honest as few of the younger writers of the day can be:

> War to me was not very dreadful. I would, for my personal comfort, far rather go through another similar war than face an eternity of writing endless books.

Or:

> I didn't know that I was imitating Mr. Hemingway. I may have been. I am not above taking anything from anybody if it will help me not to be bored by my own rhythms. I sometimes get a shock as if in a nightmare at hearing my own voice going on and on.

How good that last is!—every writer must, in greater or less degree, have felt that about his own work.

How brilliant also is the description of the dinner given by the editor of *Collier's Weekly*, with some arrogant celebrity intent upon the "convolutions" of prize-fighters and May Sinclair saying of H. G. Wells, "What does he mean? . . . What's the horrid little man? . . ."

In the middle of the book Ford explains to us all about "buckshee," which is actually a gift from Providence, and constitutes the way Providence will act towards "the poor, good writer." This is when he is discussing literary integrity that refuses to be seduced by literary agents or by Hollywood. Well, "buckshee," the over-and-above, the "velvet," is what he gives to his readers in this volume. If you, Reader, are poor and good—though not too poor to buy his book—you will find out what I mean. The reward of keeping from spending that three dollars on taxi-cabs or other wasteful comforts will prove genuine. The book has no hero, but the author—who is the central character (as he is, indeed, in several at least of his novels) is observed as a man of great humanity, courage, and possessing a keen sense of humor. There is also an unusual richness in a life like this. It has been *lived*, not merely written about. Ford has strolled about much in the world and observed a great variety of people in a great variety of situations. And the born novelist characterizes these people for you so that you are not likely to forget them. There is also the rustic side of Ford, his farming, his huge sows; the editorial side, the *English Review*, the period of his *transatlantic review*. There is the recurrence of Joseph Conrad. There are Ernest Hemingway, New York, James Joyce, "Ezra," John Quinn, the Dadaists, Ford's dog, Hall Caine. There are even Ford's prejudices for a regale—his inability to stomach "Lamb and Hazlitt and the whole boiling." His talk with E. V. Lucas on this subject of Charles Lamb is one of his best anecdotes.

I should like to see this book sell widely, because it is an honest book about a writer, and I should like it to convert thousands to a proper view of writing as an art. So—casting about in my mind for something to make you buy it—I shall say that it is a necessity to have read it for anyone who makes the slightest pretence to know what has been happening in literature in our time. I should say, read it along with Gertrude Stein's "Alice B. Toklas." Some of the same people appear and disappear in both. Neither is this to advise you into literary *snobisme*. Why don't intending young writers, for instance, read books like this—there are a few—instead of entering literature with all sorts of wrong ideas? At this point I may pause and make my bow to Mr. Ford.

Unforgotten Man

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER. By A. G. Keller. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS excellent little book is just what its title says, reminiscences, neither a formal biography, nor one of those collections of anecdotes which usually pass under such a title. It is the study of a personality, of a theory of living, of a theory of life, by a pupil who has devoted a large part of his energy to spreading the ideas of his old chief. Sumner was one of the seminal minds of his period, but unlike so many scholars whose ideas have had print as their only medium, he was a great personal force, a teacher of the first magnitude, a mind whose robust qualities transfused every word and gesture. First-rate minds (such as his) are rare of course in any period. When they occur in university faculties, which naturally is not often, and when they possess the power of direct communication, which is also rare, their influence is incalculable and (paradoxically) often untraceable, except in obvious directions.

I have often thought myself that Sumner was unfortunate in his period. He was a radical economist who had to lecture for years to classes the majority of which were made up of men whose fathers were getting rich by the special privilege of protection and who were so thoroughly a part of their conventionalized economic system that they were (seemingly) impermeable to argument. What he would have accomplished today, with minds on the move, it is hard to imagine. And furthermore he, a stern realist, taught and wrote at what, as one looks back at it, seems to have been the most romantic, the most stereotyped period of American thinking, at least among the young men who sat under him. Doubtless his influence, if one could trace it, would be found to have been powerful in the change which came over the mood of the American student in the early nineteen hundreds, when conventions by dozens gave way before reality, but the hammerer (as he was) always works harder with less credit than the spokesman for the current mood. Indeed his greatest impact was in the field of conventional religion, where, without direct attack, he did more to compel a scrutiny of sham and convention than any other American of his time.

It is customary to say that William Graham Sumner belonged to a lost period of individualism. But that is beside the mark. He was an individualist in his period of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. He was a pioneer in the interpretation of social customs by their primitive antecedents, and probably pushed this interpretation, as pioneers will, into exaggeration; he was a free trader, and an anti-imperialist. True, but essentially he was a realist. That was what he did for us in a period of stereotype, convention, and blind economic and political forces running on without analysis. No man ever sat under him without learning a new scrutiny of his thoughts, without learning that when opinions conflicted with facts, opinions had to give way. Only one thing is certain about his views as to economic and political organization. They would not be the same now as they were then, for the facts have altered. His principles might not have changed; his application would have been a far different story. For he was first of all a realist.

Professor Keller's book, as these remarks which it has drawn forth may indicate, is much more than a series of characteristic stories, though these are excellent and recall with almost painful vividness the stooped old man with the grim mouth and the questioning eyes I have passed so often on the street. It is an attempt, and a successful attempt, to analyze and project the experience of intimate contact with a great man, which is after all the rarest of experiences. In this, in spite of the loose informality of this book, and sometimes because of it, the author has been eminently successful. There is, alas, as much bunkum, as much of the "stuffed shirt," of the idle ornament, and the dull windbag in universities as out of them (the irreverent say more). Of all this Sumner was the constant enemy and the exact opposite. He is far more worth a memorial than all but a few of those whose names are lifted upon Yale buildings and upon Yale monuments. This book, one thinks, is the kind of testimonial he would have liked. It has his bluffness and his salt and (if I may be permitted the term) his pugnacious modesty.

Oliver La Farge's Story of the Sea

LONG PENNANT. By Oliver La Farge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. $2.50.

PERHAPS it is old-fashioned to believe that a novelist should be able to tell a story and that he should give proof of his ability; but, if it is, we are willing to be counted among the many innocent old dodderers who will certainly and joyfully welcome that latest yarn by the author of "Laughing Boy," Pulitzer Prize winner of the novels of 1929.

For, look at it how you will, there is no dodging the fact that, whatever else it may be, "Long Pennant" is a good story, cunningly built and sound in all its timbers. It arouses the interest early; suspense is created and maintained by a device that is convincing, however hackneyed it may be; and the aroused interest is finally satisfied. Chog's Cove, Rhode Island, the ultimate and spiritual background of a tale that swings from the high seas to the coast of Yucatan, comes impressively to life; we can taste its salt air and see the trim houses built by those who plowed the ocean as a common field. And so do the men of Chog's Cove come to life, they who manned the armed brig *Glimpse;* for they have a heft and a bulk

FROM THE END-PAPERS OF "LONG PENNANT"

to them, unlike the wispy ghosts of fiction through whom one can walk with no sense of contact. But the narrative is concerned as much with things internal as with things external, as much with thoughts as with actions; and the better part of the drama is psychological. An act is committed that is pregnant with far-reaching possibilities. Character reveals itself under the tightening and slackening of circumstance. And events move slowly but fatefully towards the desired but uncertain dénouement. In short, Mr. La Farge has written a novel which combines the charms of an adventure story with artistic and psychological qualities that are usually found only in what is rather woefully known as "serious" fiction. And he has affectionately recreated a racy, vigorous phase of American life.

When we come aboard the *Glimpse*, she has been three years at sea and has been lucky in the matter of prizes. One guesses that the War of 1812 has just ended, and that this imaginary brig is supposed to be one of the forty or fifty privateers that were out of touch with land when peace was signed. But it should be noticed that Mr. La Farge has written what might be called a historical novel without ever mentioning the war by name, and with no use of dates save for one that is appended to a sailor's will. We board the *Glimpse* just after she has taken a surprisingly, an uncomfortably [illegible]
a mere fishing sloo[illegible]
No capture had b[illegible]
crew had resisted t[illegible]
seeking news, and [illegible] jumped overboard. It doesn't look right. There is a smell of piracy about the whole affair, and more than a smell to two aboard the *Glimpse:* Jonas Eliot Dodge, Master, who has seen all the ship's papers but the missing manifest; and Jeremiah Disney, ordinary seaman, psalm-singing Puritan, and potential drunkard, who has found that same manifest kicking about the cabin floor. A prize crew of four is put aboard the sloop, a hurricane separates the *Glimpse* and its prize; but the missing manifest, cunningly hidden in Jeremiah's sea chest, remains a shadow overhanging all hands, however widely they scatter.

As the subsequent story unfolds, in Yucatan, New Orleans, and Chog's Cove, we view it through the eyes of one member of the *Glimpse's* crew after another:—Roger Hall, Master Gunner, who has seduced Hope Langdon before setting sail; Mr. John Disney, Mate, who would marry Hope; Ephraim Brown, Roger's fidus Achates; Samuel Waterman, able seaman; Jeremiah, most unable of human beings; and Jonas Dodge, gentleman and Captain. Not merely does Mr. La Farge shift from character to character. He runs easily, from dialogue or description, into the minds of his characters and out again; with no by your leave, and no such explanatory tags as "He thought," or "This was what he remembered." One hopes that the author's sudden dips into streams of consciousness will not put off lovers of sea tales who are used to the plainest of plain story telling; and one hopes also that, because this novel has every appearance of being a straight sea tale, it will not be scorned by those who look down their noses at adventure fiction.

Interesting note from L'Action Française of September 14:

> La revue de critique l'American Mercury, que dirige le Juif [*sic!*] Mencken, est, de l'avis de M. Bernard Fay, spécialiste des choses d'Amérique, "l'une des plus vivantes, des plus pittoresques, des plus typiques des Etats-Unis."

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The Rights of the Romancer

We publish this week a letter which raises the question of the responsibility of the historical novelist to his sources. Thanks to the current interest in American origins (a by-blow from the spirit of nationalism) and thanks particularly to the resounding success of "Anthony Adverse," we are likely to have many such romances in the near future, and thus the question is worth arguing.

There are really two questions involved: first, how freely may the novelist use unacknowledged sources in earlier books of history or chronicle; and second, how freely may he change the historical background of events to suit the course of his story.

As to the first question, it may be stated unequivocally that the historical novelist who uses freely and without indication material incorporated in books of history is not thereby committing plagiarism, even if he follows closely the events and even the phraseology of his sources. Judge Woolsey of the Federal Court, in his excellent decision against the author of "U.S.A. with Music" who charged plagiarism by the authors of the now famous "Of Thee I Sing," states that the originality of a narrative consists in the grouping of incidents in such a manner that the work presents a new conception or novel arrangements of events. He further points out that if the purpose of two works is entirely different it is unlikely that, even if identical episodes are used, there will be real plagiarism. Now the purposes of history and of the historical novel are entirely different. The one attempts to reconstruct the past as it seems to the investigator to have happened; the other uses the past to build a structure of events which accords with a plot invented by the author and provides a setting for characters created by him with what assistance he pleases from history. History must be governed by ascertained facts and be true to them; historical fiction uses facts but its truth is truth to the imagination. The biographer of Napoleon must present a record which squares with the known circumstances of his life. A historical novelist who creates a Napoleon (and there have been many such) can handle details of time and place with some freedom provided his study is true to a possible historical conception of Napoleon and a development of character which the imagination accepts as possible. If his subject is an imaginary person acting in a historic period, his freedom is much greater.

It should be clear, therefore, that a novelist who takes characters, events, even phraseology from historical sources, and uses them without acknowledgment in his novel, is entirely within his rights, whether legal or artistic. He is taking from the public domain of history material suitable for his story and using it in a structure of events differently organized for a different purpose.

And this principle answers the second question also. The novelist is not bound to accuracy in reproducing the historical circumstance which he uses, unless his inaccuracy impairs the imaginative value of his work. It may do so. The novelist who made his Napoleon conquer at Waterloo would fracture the delicate sense of reality indispensable in historical romance. But transpositions of events and changes in time unpardonable in history, are legitimate in historical fiction provided they aid the development of the story without destroying its credibility.

If this issue were to be decided otherwise we should have to call up and condemn as the worst of plagiarizers, William Shakespeare, whose "Antony and Cleopatra" uses without acknowledgment the chronology, the characters, and often the exact phraseology of North's "Plutarch," while altering without hesitation the Greek historical fabric to suit the author's plan of a heroic tragedy freely enlivened by Elizabethan humor and farce.

"Personal"

"Jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature." *The Saturday Review*, when it opened its personal column last winter with these words at the head, was naively unaware that more than jobs, more than education, more than houses and camps and ideas, what this lonely country of great lonely cities and still lonelier open spaces wished was companionship. Indeed its "miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle" have proved in column after column to be requests for friendship from the socially starved, intellectual companionship from souls isolated in barbaria, and emotional contacts where wit, ideas, intelligence were solicited as an ingredient without which romance was flavorless. The use of this department by so many souls craving affinities and by so much potential wit and culture seeking an outlet, has surprised but not disturbed us. This modern world is frightfully anonymous and the very ease with which its individuals are shunted like freight cars from siding to siding destroys the old solidarity of communal life where if society was narrow it was also sure. But we trust that those who appeal and those who read will both remember that the clientèle of the *Saturday Review* is both "select and intelligent." Vivacity should not be mistaken for licentiousness nor grossness read into wit. As for the presuming amorist, we shall know how to deal with him. Every garden has its squash bugs.

In the preface to his new book, "Jahre der Entscheidung," Oswald Spengler writes: "Nobody has longed for the national upheaval of this year more than myself. I hated the evil revolution of 1918 from its inception, as the treachery of the inferior part of our nation to the strong and superior part which rose in 1914."

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

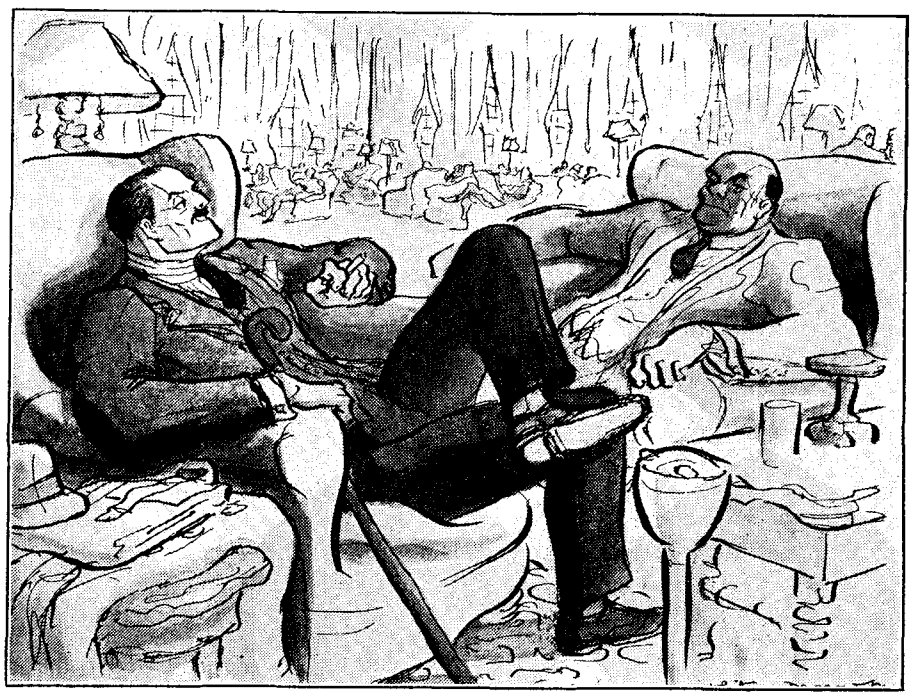
IT WAS THE NIGHTINGALE. By FORD MADOX FORD. *Lippincott.* A book of literary reminiscences.

RADETZKY MARCH. By JOSEPH ROTH. *Viking.* The tale of three generations of an Austrian family.

POEMS. By MARIE DE L. WELCH. *Macmillan.* A volume of lyrics by a young poet.

This Less Recent Book:

BLACK APRIL. By JULIA PETERKIN. *Bobbs-Merrill.* A tale of plantation negroes.



"I'VE SOLD THE SERIAL AND MOVIE RIGHTS; NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WRITE THE BOOK."

To the Editor: *A Doctor on Acceleritis; Hervey Allen's Sources*

Medical Evidence

Sir: The title of your editorial "Acceleritis" (*Saturday Review*, September 30) is well chosen, for there is really an accelerated metabolic rate, which in turn is due to an increased activity of the ductless glands. The intimate association of the nervous system with these glands is generally acknowledged. A few instances of such an association. Diabetes is due to a functional insufficiency of a certain part of the pancreas. It has been noted that when stocks go down, the number of cases of diabetes goes up. Graves' Disease, a functional insufficiency of the thyroid gland, frequently follows an emotional shock, and is always associated with nervous manifestations. Although our constantly diminishing birthrate is to some extent due to the more general use of contraceptive measures, there is a nonvoluntary form of sterility which seems to be associated with new factors in our modern life which have an injurious effect upon the gonads. All these disturbances of the ductless glands are more common in large urban centers. The phlegmatic are more apt to remain on the farm.

After making due allowance for our improved diagnostic methods and the increase in the average length of life, it is an undoubted fact that the degenerative diseases are increasing. Although persons differ greatly in vitality and resistance to disease, it may be stated that the faster we live the sooner we die.

CHARLES HERRMAN, M.D.

New York City.

Adverse Report

Sir: The writer of the historical novel is to some extent privileged. The free use of sources is legitimate—indeed, essential. There must, however, be limits to their use.

In "Anthony Adverse" Mr. Allen has drawn freely from Theodore Canot's "Memoirs of a Slave Trader." There might be some possible excuse for this if "The Slave Trader" had been merely some dull factual record. It is not. It is a work of tremendous vitality. It requires no Mr. Allen to give it life. Moreover, it is in itself almost a novel. It cannot be accepted as the true life of Theodore Canot. Mr. Allen has taken it, even to the matter of phraseology, and worked it through the West African part of "Anthony Adverse."

One paragraph from each book will suffice.

Canot:

> His [the slave's] new clothes, red cap and roasting blanket (a civilized superfluity he never dreamed of) strike him dumb with delight, and, in his savage joy, he not only forgets country, relations, and friends, but skips about like a monkey, while he dons his garments wrong side out or hind part before! The arrival of a carriage or cart creates no little confusion among the Ethiopian groups, who never imagined that beasts could be made to work. But the climax of wonder is reached when that paragon of oddities, a Cuban postillon, dressed in his sky blue coat, silver lace hat, white breeches, polished jackboots, and ringing spurs, leaps from his prancing quadruped, and bids them welcome in their mother tongue. Every African rushes to "snap fingers" with his equestrian brother, who, according to orders, forthwith preaches an edifying sermon on the happiness of being a white man's slave, taking care to jingle his spurs and crack his whip at the end of every sentence, by way of Amen.

Mr. Allen:

> They were each given a red cap and a blanket. They forgot all about their friends and country, dancing about like monkeys and putting on new clothes wrong side before. Imagine it! When a cart came they were overwhelmed by the horses. They did not know beasts could be made to work. Then a black postilion in a silver laced hat, sky blue coat, and white breeches came riding up. They could never get through feeling his polished jackboots, and watching him leap on and off his prancing horse while his spurs rang. He cracked his whip and told them what a fine thing it was to be a slave of the white man. And they believed him. It was better than anything they had ever known. They all ran to snap fingers with their lucky brother.

I am told that Mr. Allen made no secret of his use of this source. Is this an extenuating circumstance? And has he made no secret of it as far as the general reading public is concerned?

I have seen no acknowledgement. Without the "Memoirs of a Slave Trader" the West African pages of "Anthony Adverse," would be . . . nothing.

A. W. SMITH.

Portsmouth, N. H.

Dock, Wharf, and Pier

Sir: As an occasional seafarer, and English master—so-called—I read with close attention the half-column headed "Lexicographic Department," in your recent "Bowling Green."

I am glad to know about "dock," "wharf," and "pier." With reference to "in" or "on" a ship, I recalled Conrad's contemptuous feeling about "on," expressed in the volume *The Mirror of the Sea;* so I looked it up, and here it is:

> The other year, looking through a newspaper of sound principles but whose staff *will* persist in 'casting' anchors, and going to sea 'on' a ship (ough!). . . .

Captain Bone fears lest the Lake View Park mariner be such an egregious lubber as to "call funnels, 'stacks,' and ships —'boats.'" Well, what if he does? Captain Frank C. Bowen, certainly a blue-water sailor, on page 151 of his *Ships* (Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd.), used "funnels" and "stacks" as synonyms, each quite capable of standing for the other.

> " . . . only three funnels. . . ."
> " . . . a dummy third stack. . . ."
> " . . . two-funneled Union Castle ships. . . ."
> " . . . emigrants . . . refused to sail in a single-stacked steamer. . . ."

A cursory ten-minute thumbing of Captain Diggle's "The Romance of a Modern Liner" reveals only "funnel."

LEWIS W. CLOUGH.

New York, N. Y.

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Farewell and Hail

(*Continued from first page*)

calendar, it was in 1924 that she first came into my life, and it was in 1925 that the first volume of "The Soul Enchanted" was published in America. Since then she has known other translators. "Summer," done into English by Eleanor Stimson and Van Wyck Brooks, appeared late in 1925; "Mother and Son," by Van Wyck Brooks alone, carried the story forward in 1927. And now, after a lapse of six years, Amalia De Alberti gives us an admirable English version of the penultimate volume of the long, slowly growing novel.

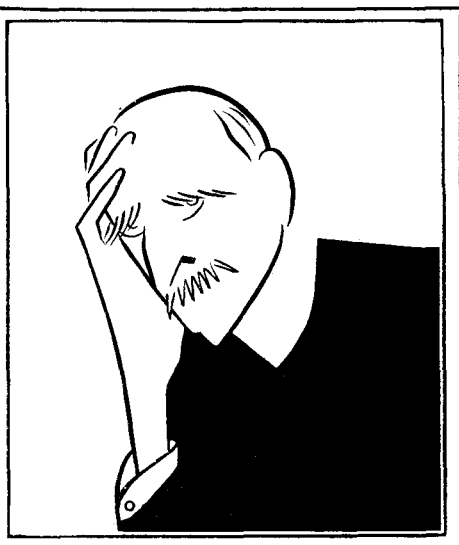
Yes, Annette was a young girl once, and now she is crowding fifty; but she seems singularly unchanged, and in no way broken by the shocks of circumstance. Still, in the years immediately following the war, with a world crumbling about her and a new world being born, she is the same candid, courageous Annette who would lose all rather than compromise, who would run straight against a wall rather than deviate a hair's-breadth from what she held to be truth or justice. The passionate blood of the Rivières still sweeps hotly through her veins, although she has paid time and again the price that the passionate must always pay. And her idealism, after every kind of disillusionment, is still capable of infinite renewal. She has suffered much and learned much, but she has remained true to her nature. Having lived fully, she can say with conviction: "Nothing that we have lived through is lost, if it has nourished our life. It is part of our blood; and we evacuate only what is useless and impure. . . ."

Annette's fidelity to herself recalls certain words of M. Rolland's original foreword to "The Soul Enchanted," which may well be quoted here:

> When I write a novel, I choose a human being with whom I feel certain affinities,—or, rather, it is he who chooses me. Once this person has been selected, I leave him perfectly free, I beware of mingling my personality with his. It is a weighty burden, a personality that one has borne for more than half a century. . . . So, when I have once adopted Jean-Christophe, or Colas, or Annette Rivière, I am no more than the secretary of their thoughts. I listen to them, I see them act, I see through their eyes. In the measure that they come to know their own hearts and men, I learn with them; when they make mistakes, I stumble; when they recover themselves, I pick myself up, and we set off again upon the road. I do not say that this road is the best. But this road is ours. Whether or not Christophe, Colas and Annette are right, Christophe, Colas and Annette are. Life is not the least of justification.

How far this declaration agrees with the doctrine that fiction should convey a social message, I shall leave for others to estimate. For my own part I can see no agreement whatsoever; and, having just finished reading the first four volumes of 'The Soul Enchanted" from beginning to end, I can fix upon no special message that the story of Annette Rivière is intended to convey. There are many messages along the way, as there are in every novel: M. Rolland has harsh words for middle-class hypocrisy, for the capitalistic exploitation of the working class, for the corruption of politics, and for the horrors of war. And he sees, as Annette sees, a beacon of hope shining brightly across the Russian border. But all these things are extraneous to the essential story of Annette and her son Marc. However, I may be deceived. Perhaps M. Rolland is the most subtle of all propagandists; a propagandist who lets no portion of his message peep through the garment of art.

Readers of the first three volumes of "The Soul Enchanted" are familiar with the interlaced lives of Annette, Marc, and Sylvie down to Armistice Day, in Paris, 1918; and they will thank no reviewer for a synopsis of what they are to find in "The Death of a World." So far as plot is concerned, it is enough to say that this fourth volume picks up the tale where the third left off, showing the Beast (M. Rolland's name for mob hysteria) to be almost as bestial in its first taste of peace as during its long orgy of war; that it plunges Annette into new adventures,



ROMAIN ROLLAND
Drawn for The Saturday Review by Irma Selz

traces the development of Marc as one of the disillusioned generation that was just too young to fight, follows Sylvie to the heights or depths for which her nature and talents destined her, and ends with the death rattle of a world mingling with the birth cry of another coming into being. And so far as criticism is concerned, it must be said that "The Soul Enchanted" has grown in substance and power with the years. Neither "Annette and Sylvie" nor "Summer" gave promise of what this long novel would become with the completion of "Mother and Son" and "The Death of a World." Hope and confidence join in expectation that the final volume will crown the work. M. Rolland's style remains a trap to the translator, for, to the Anglo-Saxon ear at least, his eloquence slips frequently into magniloquence and verges often on hysteria. But the man's strength, when it is fully displayed, is such that there can be no quarrel with any style he may choose to employ.

Manila Extract

MR. DARLINGTON'S DANGEROUS AGE. By Isa Glenn. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.50.

ART, whatever else it may be, is the creation of expectancies and their more or less obvious satisfaction. In the best art an element of surprise always precedes the final satisfaction, but a sense of inevitability follows instantly and imperiously. Thus and thus only, says the reader or observer, could the artist resolve his problem; in this way, and in this way precisely, could he perfect his pattern. Miss Glenn, in this novel, has proved herself mistress of the come-on game; there is no question regarding her creation of expectancies. But, in the opinion of one reviewer at least, she has failed utterly to provide satisfaction, and there is not a hint of inevitability in her resolution.

What she has done in this tale is to overwork, sorely, the Conradian trick of suspense. McFee pulled that trick out just about as fine as it can be pulled in "The Harbourmaster." Miss Glenn pulls harder and longer with fatal results. Page after page, until the book seems nearly ended, carries on its face a plain promise to pay; but at the last the author slips out the back door and leaves her creditors with only a tiny fraction on the dollar. Miss Glenn, to be sure, finally opens her sealed chamber within the old Walled City of Manila, after strewing her pages with dire and horrid hints of what we are to find; but the revelation proves a washout for two reasons. First: we have no real knowledge of, or interest in, the character whom the revelation principally concerns. Second: it is impossible for the average reader west of Suez to match the race prejudice against Eurasians (even though they have the beauty of goddesses) that warms the breasts of "white" Manila.

Miss Glenn, and we in her company, get off to a good start. It is in Shanghai that we encounter forty-five year old Mr. Darlington, bound for Hong-Kong and points southeast. He promises to be an interesting character; and there is promise, too, in the ladies aboard his ship, particularly Margery Wangel. But when the climax is reached psychology flies out the window as the author forcefully takes charge of the disposition of her puppets.

Bringing Light to China

OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA. By Alice Tisdale Hobart. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1933 $2.50.

Reviewed by LADY DOROTHEA HOSIE

THIS is the most humanly vivid book on China since Pearl Buck gave us her "Good Earth." An American young man and his wife, their faces vignetted white against a crowded Peking street—such is Mr. Baldridge's stimulating conception on the dust-jacket of this brave and sensitive story. It is outspoken, unusual, a slice of human life in all its complexity. Nor does this connote unrelieved grim struggle to Mrs. Hobart's mind. On the other hand, just as her art would scorn the saccharine insincerities of our sentimentalists, who cloy us with their fulsome flatteries of a China existent only in their own fancy, she leaves to the romanticists the chinoiseries of pearl-faced maidens beckoning through the moon-gates of lacquered palaces. She knows well that life for the Chinese, as with us, is an absorbing affair of failure and success, mixed endeavor, astounding chicanery, and equally astounding devotion to ideals—though theirs seem at times as queer to us as ours to them.

Stephen Case, clever, eager, energetic—in short, American—with his scrupulous loyalty to his inhuman employer, a great American Oil Company, will always remain something of a perplexity to Mr. Ho, the honorable, steadfast Chinese merchant to whom loyalty to family and friends comes first and last. Mrs. Hobart's story is the interplay, against the background of modern China in all her violence, of these two men, and the gradual growth of their respect each for the other. But, first, Stephen has to be shaped, and we see the growth of a mind that has to live by the contacts received from his Chinese confrères, good and bad: his shifting and sifting of the worthless from the worthy trader. Mrs. Hobart shows him learning discrimination, weighing the secrets of the Chinese heart, and not confounding the truthful man with the liar.

The scene opens with Stephen in a Manchurian inn. One's nostrils almost sting with the cold and the dust thereof, and the tears are apt to rise for his youthful anguish of loneliness, his desire for his Lucy in America. From her sheltered outlook she fails to understand, refuses to marry him when he meets her ship in Japan, as has happened to other stricken fiancés out East. He marries in haste another girl, but fortune has substituted the right wife; and Hester and he settle down to live together in the pure fire of such a love as is achieved only in the lasting passion of wedded lovers who make an oasis for beauty in the midst of all turmoil. She loses her baby for lack of good doctoring, and endures the utter solitude of the white woman "up country" in the East. America, it seems, can still breed women of the old pioneer type, even though of more delicate nerve-tissue.

A few years ago, trade became a sort of fetish to the novelists. Any tale of derring-do was glorious which splashed money round the map. Of late, there has been an almost absurd reaction in the other direction; some people think and speak as if trade were a crime, and as if in the Orient it necessarily spelt exploitation. How they reconcile themselves to drinking tea or wearing silk, one cannot imagine. My husband, as British Commercial Attaché in Peking, coined a phrase that has often been quoted, that "trade is the life-blood of the nations." Mrs. Hobart's hero spends his life's powers usefully selling to the Chinese one of those commodities which a presumably wise Providence has placed on the soil of America, not China—kerosene oil, which China much needs. The actual physical illumination of lamp and oil, candles and matches, in default of gas or electricity, has moreover its concomitant counterpart in the sort of inner light for which Goethe prayed. Stephen stands between two fires. He must first win his Chinese customers, and nobody can sell goods long to unwilling buyers: then turn to deal, but, alas, with much less chance of success, with treachery in the rear. Chinese "squeeze" means taking toll of the foreigner: but the wealthy American Company squeezes its own sons who trust it. Agent after agent is thrown aside like a sucked orange just before he qualifies for a pension, and his immediate superiors dare not protest, lest they suffer the like fate. Instead of loyal support and comradeship, there is primitive tooth-and-nail struggle for position. Mrs. Hobart's indictment is all the more damning since her sense of justice keeps alive in our consciousness the fact that Stephen's firm was selling a good and needful thing in its oil. The pity was the manner of selling! One feels that in some ways the Chinese have a truer sense of the real values of life than those shoulder-slappi
conscience
phisticated
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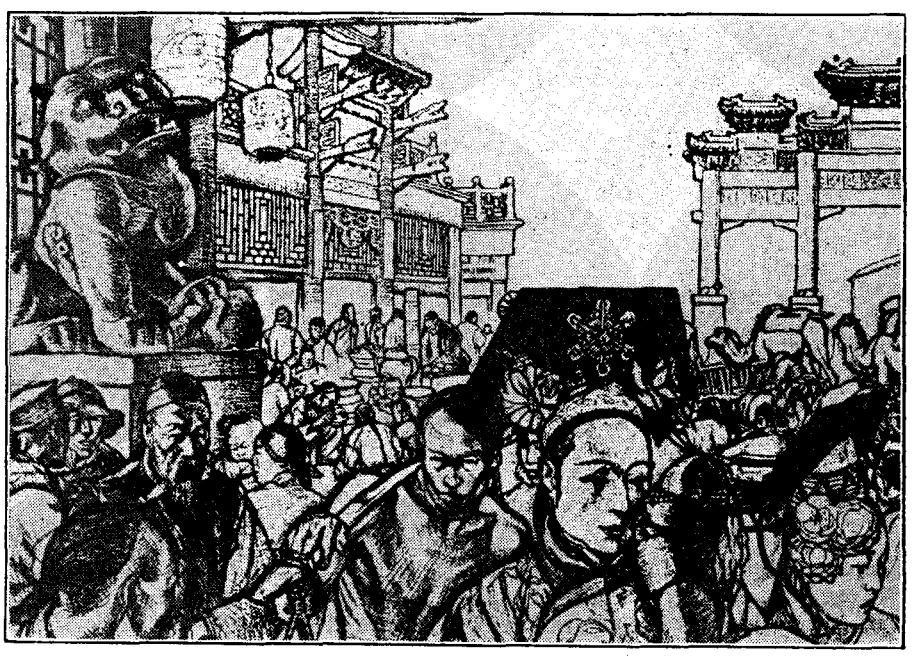
extracted from Chinese provinces well known to be populated by the underfed and the over-banditted.

But the story is not all trade and intense living. White people in the Orient have also ease and pleasure of heart. Servants are of vital interest, entering the inner circle of experience. Kin despised Hester's childlessness, took advantage of her, yet served Stephen well, as man to man! In short, the book is a saga of modern American life worth telling. Courage in America's young men and women is not dead; and they will need it if they seek their bread and butter in China."

Stephen Case, an American, and Mr. Ho, a Chinese—two very gallant gentlemen! I, a British woman, salute them—heroes both.

❧ ❧

Lady Dorothea Hosie, who for long resided in China, is the author of several books on the country, notably "Portrait of a Chinese Lady."



FROM C. LEROY BALDRIDGE'S JACKET DESIGN FOR "OIL FROM THE LAMPS OF CHINA"

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Some Uncollected Coleridge Letters

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Edited by Earl Leslie Griggs. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1933. 2 *vols.* $10.

Reviewed by GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER

NO art or science is more individual than poetry. It springs from the inmost depths of personal experience. The poet has truer perceptions, feels more keenly, and expresses himself more peculiarly than other men. One might therefore expect poets to be solitary persons, with a particular aversion for one another. The love and mutual dependence between Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and William and Dorothy Wordsworth would be a conspicuous proof of the falseness of this expectation. It is impossible to disentangle the thoughts that originated in Coleridge's fertile brain from those that underlie many of Wordsworth's poems; equally impossible to determine how often Coleridge's opinions were based on the firmer convictions of Wordsworth, or how many of the most penetrating observations and happy phrases of both poets were caught by them from the lips of Dorothy in their walks and talks with her. Almost equally interdependent are the critical views of Wordsworth, Lamb, and Coleridge and their ultimate expression in Wordsworth's great Preface to "Lyrical Ballads" or in Coleridge's Lectures on Shakespeare or in Lamb's appreciations of seventeenth century plays and lyrics.

Mr. Griggs's contribution on Coleridge is an important achievement in the field of literary biography. It is a result of remarkable energy and industry. He could not have succeeded in so vast an undertaking had he not won the friendship of the Rev. G. H. B. Coleridge, the poet's great-grandson. Furthermore, he benefited from the wonderful generosity with which English men and women usually treat serious and well equipped American scholars, for the letters were widely scattered, in the possession of many persons, who of course knew their value.

"Uncollected" would have been a more accurate word in the title than "Unpublished," because a considerable proportion of the letters were already in print, though not in E. H. Coleridge's two large volumes. It is a great service to have brought these together in one collection and a still greater service to have added so much as Mr. Griggs has done from manuscript sources. It is true that E. H. Coleridge's volumes, published in 1895, contain a greater number of important letters and that he rejected with good reason many which Mr. Griggs has included. Yet since interest in Coleridge is more widespread now, this aftermath is a welcome supplement to the main harvest. As one might expect from Coleridge, there are many passages of an impersonal character, on philosophical problems, on matters of technique, on questions of literary taste, on the principles of criticism. These are of high value. Others throw light on certain biographical points hitherto obscure. For example, the charge once cruelly brought against Sir Walter Scott, that he had, in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," taken unfair advantage of having heard "Christabel" read aloud before it was published, is absolutely refuted; and the unfortunate misunderstanding between Wordsworth and Coleridge in 1810 is shown to have been the latter's fault. An important clue is given in regard to the wanderings of William and Dorothy Wordsworth in Germany in 1799, tending to confirm a conjecture I have elsewhere made, that they went as far southwest as to the Rhine and perhaps even farther.

Only with half-truth did Coleridge write:

> To be beloved is all I need,
> And whom I love, I love indeed.

Rather, there was something besides love that he needed. He had love in abundance. No one possessed a greater gift for making friends, and his friends were marvellously faithful to him. He tried their patience almost beyond endurance; yet they stood by him unfailingly. The Wedgwood brothers, Tom Poole, Lamb, Southey, William and Dorothy Wordsworth, Mrs. Wordsworth, Sara Hutchinson, the Gilmans,—it is a long and only a partial list of men and women whose homes and purses and hearts were open to him. They recognized his genius, enjoyed his humor, profited by his ideal wisdom, pitied his frailty, and did all they could to alleviate his sufferings. Again and again in Dorothy's journal and letters, for example, occur notes of sympathy and distress like the following:

> Every sight and every sound reminded me of him—dear, dear fellow, of his many talks to us, by day and by night, of all dear things. I was melancholy and could not talk, but at last I eased my heart by weeping.

But friends were decidedly not all he needed. He needed health, which was denied him from childhood—"My body which does me grievous wrong," he cried, not without cause; and he needed firmness of character, which is not always within reach of an invalid.

In spite of all his troubles, however, he shows himself at times, in these letters, not only cheerful but full of fun. What were more specifically the troubles? A chronic condition of neuralgia, aggravated by the misuse of opiates; an unfortunate marriage, quixotically made, with a woman who in many respects was excellent, but evidently lacked imagination and breadth of understanding; and, as a result of these causes, a fatal inability to command his own vast mental resources.

The letters teem with interesting remarks; for example, he says of Charles Lamb: "His taste acts so as to appear like the unmechanic simplicity of an instinct." To William Godwin he writes: "Let me tell you, Godwin, four men such as you, I, Davy [Humphrey Davy, the physicist], and Wordsworth, do not meet together in one house every day in the year. I mean four men so distinct with so many sympathies." Of the study of Greek he remarks: "It seems wrong that a language containing books so much more numerous and valuable than Latin, and in itself so much more easy and perspicuous, should be confined, as to the ready and fluent reading of it, to a few scholars." In a gay letter to Wordsworth he says: "You and I, dear William, pass for an ugly pair with the lower orders, which, I protest, dear Dorothy will not admit." The following is from a very important letter to Robert Southey:

> In an evil hour for me did I first pay attention to Mrs. Coleridge, in an evil hour for me did I marry her, but it shall be my care and my passion that it shall not be an evil day for her, and that whatever I may be or may be represented as a husband, I may yet be unexceptionable as her protector and friend.

To Thomas De Quincey he writes, with characteristic warmth: "That there is such a man in the world as Wordsworth, and that such a man enjoys such a family, makes both death and my inefficient life a less grievous thought to me." There are scores of equally interesting passages and many that are very amusing. One of the most serious, which should please all of us who regret the unnecessary and miserable war of 1812, is in a letter to Washington Allston, the American painter, in October, 1815:

> I shall utter a voice of lamentation on the *moral* war between the child and the parent country, a war laden with curses for unknown generations in both countries.

As material for literary biography, no more important work than this collection has been published for several years. That Mr. Griggs is an American is creditable to our country. The beautiful printing and binding of the volumes are worthy of the letters themselves and of their editor's judgment, industry, and skill.

* *

George McLean Harper, who last year retired from the Woodrow Wilson professorship of literature at Princeton University, is one of the outstanding authorities in this country on the Lake poets.

The Hamburg Senate has ordered the memorial to Heine to be removed from the City Park. Heine was of Jewish descent. He became a Christian in 1825.

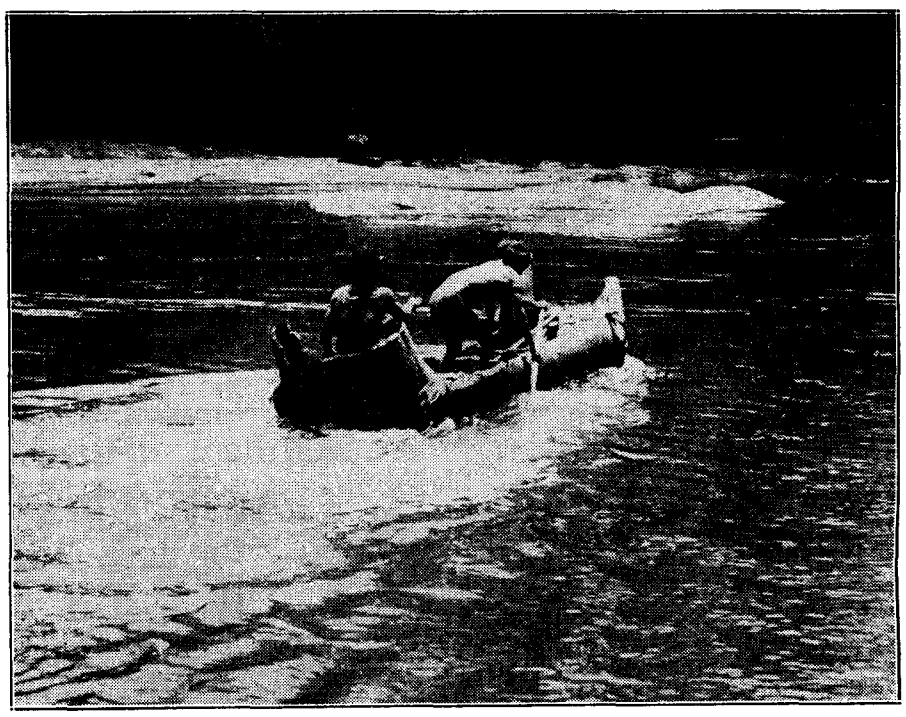
Jungle to You!

PINDORAMA (Jungle to You!) By Desmond Holdridge. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

PINDORAMA, it seems, meaning "land of palms," is an old Indian word for the great valley of the Amazon. It was there, in the British Guiana hinterland, on the borders of Brazil and Venezuela, up the Rios Negro, Branco, Catrimany, and various other Amazonian headwaters, that Mr. Holdridge did his exploring. Not that it makes much difference to the average stay-at-home readers of narratives of this kind, who want to enjoy quite comfortably their jungles, fevers, poisoned-arrows, and what not, and don't much care whether the mysterious Uaikas—"only two whoops and a holler from the amoeba"—are South Americans or Filipinos.

Mr. Holdridge is attached to the Department of Ethnology of the Brooklyn Museum and the solid facts he gathered were doubtless satisfactory to its Curator, Dr. Herbert Spinden, himself a veteran tropical traveller, or he would have been kept "dusting off the bones of long dead Indians" instead of being permitted to range through the Amazonian wilderness getting acquainted with live ones. But the important thing to the stay-at-home reader aforesaid is that Mr. Holdridge is an altogether unconventional type of tropical explorer—young and husky, evidently, gifted with humor and a lot of hard, common sense, and with a really extraordinary knack of writing a book of this sort (in the calm and comfort, doubtless, of a New York flat or office) in the literal mood and words of the day's adventures.



UAIKA IN A CORRESPONDENCE-COURSE CANOE.
A photograph from "Pindorama."

This is much more of a trick than you might think. Between the thing itself, as it actually came, and the written record as it almost invariably emerges, there interposes a sea-change which alters its character altogether. If the explorer is of the routine "expedition" type, the resulting report is pompous and dull, to all but a few ethnologists. If he is a professional writer looking for copy, the thing as it actually came will be touched up, prettified or darkened, somehow or other transformed, and this with the best of intentions and sincerity. With the worst, as in the case of one or two tropical yarn-spinners needing no further advertisement, it will be used merely as the basis for highly-spiced fiction, bearing just about as much resemblance to the real thing as the average Broadway mystery-play bears to everyday life.

Mr. Holdridge is miles away from both. One or two of his very rare philosophical generalizations will suggest his general approach. He notes, in one place, the degree to which the savage's life, with its constant physical danger and uncertainty, inevitably accentuates cruelty. The typical joke of the wild Indians whose life he shared for a time turned on cruelty just as the typical Broadway joke turns on smut. Cruelty became funny, even to Holdridge himself. On the other hand, the wild Indian, although not in the least a "noble red man," isn't, therefore a beast —"he's simply a man, like the rest of us, who muddles through a bewildering world, blundering, banging his head on stone walls, hurting himself and his fellows, being a little happy sometimes, and finally dying without having learned a hell of a lot."

There were times when he was in dire peril and scared blue and with reason, and others when he got along so pleasantly with the natives that they "threw" parties for him night after night. Holdridge swallowed gallons of local firewater—he had to, to prove his personal prowess — got drunk with the rest, "popped" his lunch with the rest, and next morning, a little seedy with the rest, hit the river trail again. There were many dances, but despite the "throbbing drums" which doubtless accompanied them but which Mr. Holdridge mercifully omits, these didn't differ, essentially, from Saturday-night bath-tub gin parties "thrown" in many a humdrum Manhattan flat. Pretty brown girls would be modest with a modesty painfully rare in so-called civilized communities, yet when sufficiently pie-eyed with rum or some such local drug as *yekuana*, would join enthusiastically in "scenes closely resembling Hollywood conceptions of a hot night among Parisian drug addicts."

Mr. Holdridge's story is honest, shrewd, packed with common sense. It debunks without making debunking a pose, is humorous without effort, and, as already remarked, its author has a really unusual gift for setting down with complete freedom from retrospective touching-up, the thing as it seemed at the time.

Self-Appointed Love-Child

(*Continued from first page*)

In this republic. The effects remain
Still with us. Take Ring Lardner or Mark Twain,
George Ade or Mr. Dooley. They all speak
The same tongue with a different technique.
And different also in their power and pace,
They yet say something of and by the race,
Here feeble, transitory, insecure,
And there eternal, destined to endure.
I will not push too far that parallel.
You're young, and it's perhaps too soon to tell.
But anyhow I view with shameless glee
This volume, and your other jeux d'esprit,
Nor do I feel the sentiment is wrong.
At any rate I thank you for your song.
O self-appointed love-child, crash along!

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

Magic Squares

SIR:—Being especially interested in Magic Squares, I thoroughly enjoyed the novel manner in which the Old Mandarin (Bowling Green, Sept. 30) showed how by a simple reversal of the great diagonals of a 4 x 4 seriatim table, a perfect Magic Square is produced, which totals 34 in many ways. It is faulty in the middle groups of 2 x 2; but it has one count that even the super-perfect have not: the "diamond" count of 16-7-10-1 and 13-11-6-4. The Old Mandarin neglected to show you that the corners of every 3 x 3 group also total 34.

I used the term "super-perfect." It applies to the Old Mandarin's second Magic Square, which has perfect inner 2 x 2 groups of 2 x 2; but it has one count that "diamond" count. Let me show you a diagram of this second Magic Square, developed from the following letter values:

A	B	C	D
0	4	8	12
a	b	c	d
1	2	3	4

Aa	Dc	Cb	Bd
Cd	Bb	Ac	Da
Bc	Ca	Dd	Ab
Db	Ad	Ba	Cc

1	15	10	8
12	6	3	13
7	9	16	2
14	4	5	11

It is said that there are 880 different ways of arranging the 16 numbers into Magic Squares; but as the values of the capital letters may be arranged in 24 different ways, and the same may be said of the small or lower-case letters, it would seem that 576 of these arrangements might be had from this diagram alone. All will be "perfect," but not all will be "super-perfect."

Charles Q. de France.

Lincoln, Nebraska.

An Irishman Sends Us His First Impressions of Chicago:

Chicago is an infinitely more interesting place than I had ever suspected. They tell no lie when they say it is big. The great American superlative is so rampant here that it is almost impossible to adjust the perspective. Viewed from the air, at the raw hour of 5 A.M., the city looked forbidding, with its pale lights vainly striving to pierce the winding-sheet of the departed night. I was secretly wishing that I might continue on under the warm wing of the United Air Line's hostess. But the searchlights from below found us; there was a moment of breathless expectancy as our pilot silenced the roaring motors and the big ship, purring like a contented kitten, circled majestically; then we were gliding gently down between two silver shafts.

You might not believe it, but Chicago has already forgotten all about the depression. A hotel manager in New York today will almost pay one to stay under his roof, but here the hotels all have more business than they can handle. I began to think that a little depression was not such a bad thing after all, when three hotels in succession refused to take me in, for love or money.

Efficiency is the thing most talked of here and least in evidence. For instance, Monday morning's paper goes on sale early on Sunday afternoon, so that anybody wanting to get Sunday's news has to wait for Monday's evening papers. That's where efficiency trips itself up. The whole atmosphere is perhaps typified by the manner in which the big town bends beneath the tyranny of a little river. A little tug-boat snorts imperiously on the little river and, with consummate efficiency, the little bridges, forming links in the most important thoroughfares, are raised to permit the passage of the tug while the town stamps its feet and bites its nails. A community less efficiency-minded would build high bridges with long inclines.

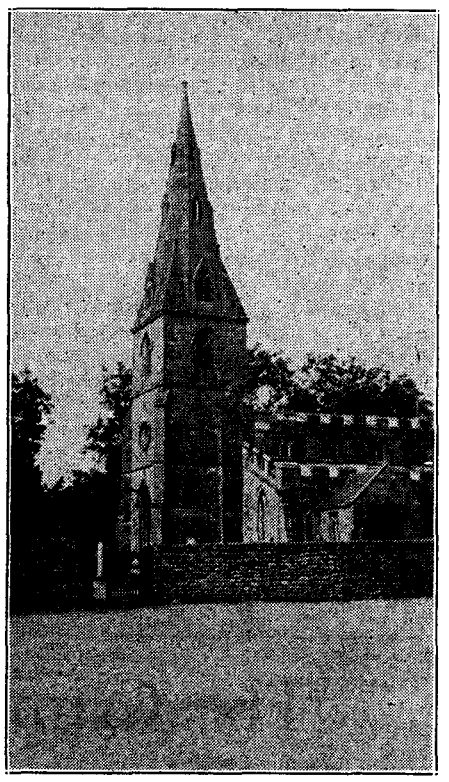
I notice, by the way, that the Stars and Stripes floats night and day over the building that houses the greatest newspaper on Michigan Avenue, which shows that Chicago has a far deeper sense of humor than New York. Do you remember how a mob besieged Tammany Hall on last Independence Day because the janitor forgot to haul down the flag at sundown?

Perhaps because of, rather than despite, its lack of sophistication, Chicago is a great place to enjoy life, and it's worth coming here to ride along the North Shore Drive on the open deck of a bus.

Michael.

Aldwinkle

SIR:—The enclosed photographs were taken on a warm, sunny day last July at Aldwinkle, Northants. The Sabboth it was when people were in decent blacks and sported their white cotton gloves. Vesper bells militantly clanged from every belfry, and the bell ringers must have perspired freely in the midst of the unusually hot weather. Overtones from



ST. PETER'S, ALDWINKLE
Church of Thomas Fuller's Father

nearby villages drifted over the fields, softened by the miles and sound-absorbing haystacks, as we drifted along the lanes at "wild-flowering speed."

This was a special day in my life, full of an awareness of the Lady of Fotheringay, John Dryden and Thomas Fuller—that genial and witty gentleman, beloved by you, Charles Lamb, Coleridge, and me—among others. One half of one per cent. of my debt to you for introducing me years ago to Thomas Fuller may now be crossed off, by sharing a section of this Belfry afternoon around Aldwinkle and Oundle.

You will remember that Fuller (born 1608) lived here as a boy until he was sent up to Cambridge at the age of 13. If you need a reminder, John Dryden was born in this Rectory, the home of his mother's father who was Rector of All Saints in 1631 and went up to Cambridge when he was 19 after a taste of the Oundle Grammar School and Westminster.

I also ate cherries from Kenneth Grahame's cherry orchard, bordering on the "Wind in the Willows" stream (covered with Water Crowfoot blossoms), chased William and Dorothy Wordsworth, especially Dorothy, on their trip from the Lakes to Scotland and followed Johnson and Boswell part way on their tour to the Hebrides reading all three Journals at a leisurely pace.

Mooned around Steventon, where the enormous key to Jane Austen's father's church hangs on the Yew tree, was shocked at the squalor of the Austen house at Chawton, had lunch with Hugh Walpole at Brackenburn on Derwentwater, and also lunched with the Nicolsons at Sissinghurst Castle in Kent.

We took our car over and for three months motored very slowly through English lanes by Bartholomew's Contour Maps. There is nothing like them to insure leisurely country pace, is there?

Marion E. Dodd.

Northampton, Mass.

"In the Pasha's Garden"

I wish there were space to use in full a letter from Professor Alan Strout, of Texas, in which he shows in the 53rd chapter of Stendhal's *De L'Amour* the origin of one of H. G. Dwight's fine stories—and points out how Mr. Dwight improved and enriched his source. "I wish," writes Professor Strout, "you could work this into the Bowling Green as an example of plot superiority over an original. Most of us pedants are so thoroughly convinced that the past is superior to the present, it's refreshing to me to find a contemporary going the past one better."

Professor Strout writes:—

SIR:—Mr. H. G. Dwight's *In the Pasha's Garden,* the last tale of *Stamboul Nights* (1916), has always seemed to me one of the finest of American short stories. In plot it is a variant of such narratives as Mrs. Wharton's *The Duchess at Prayer* (1900), Poe's *The Cask of Amontillado* (1846), and Balzac's *La Grande Bretèche* (1832), but though quieter in tone—its mood is that of Browning's *Andrea del Sarto,* where a common grayness silvers everything—it is no less powerful than any one of these.

In his introductory *Scribe to a Possible Reader* Mr. Dwight writes in *Stamboul Nights:*

> No good fairy, alas, dropped the gift of invention into my cradle, and not one of these stories could really be called mine. Several of them I put on paper almost exactly as they were told me. More of them were pieced together out of odd bits of experience and gossip. The seed of one was contained in a paragraph of the *Matin* which I read one morning in Paris. And another may be found, in miniature, in Stendhal's "De L'Amour." . . .

Stendhal's sentimentally pleasing little narrative grows, under Mr. Dwight's hands, into a masterpiece. From the nullity Oualid he creates a brilliant characterization in his Pasha, showing, incidentally, how much more character than plot has to do with the effectiveness of a story. In its Eastern setting we might expect the fiendish revenge that we find in *La Grande Bretèche* or *The Duchess at Prayer.* But the Pasha is unvindictive, his revenge is unpremeditated: in burying the chest he acts neither as an avenger nor even as a judge, but as a lover. In the Arab original, as in Balzac's and Mrs. Wharton's stories, we sympathize with the young lovers. In *In the Pasha's Garden,* a much greater triumph on the author's part, we sympathize with the injured husband.

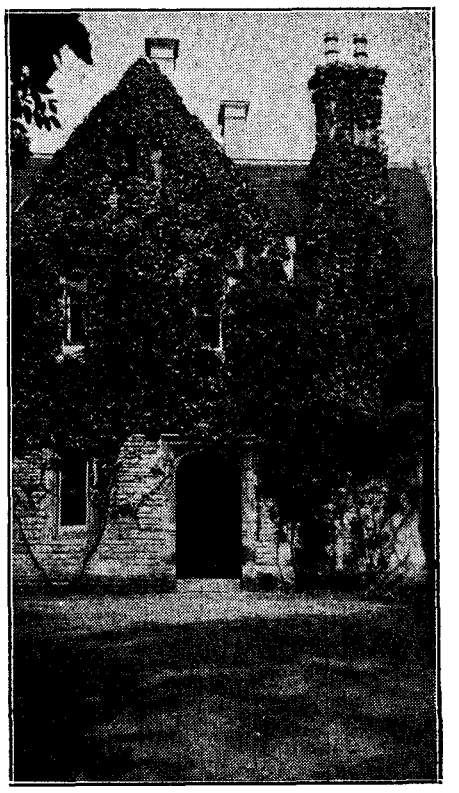
I cannot forbear quoting one further passage from the introduction to *Stamboul Nights:*

> The teller of the stories has inherited enough Puritanism to believe in the uses of adversity, while reserving judgment on the sweetness thereof, and he raises no outcry against the discouragements through which his somewhat exotic fictions have slowly made their way into print.

Let Mr. Dwight be comforted. As Time gradually sifts three-fourths of our contemporary rubbish, *In the Pasha's Garden* will increasingly stand out as a delight for the discerning.

Alan Lang Strout.

Lubbock, Texas.



THOMAS FULLER'S BIRTHPLACE
Rectory of St. Peter's, Aldwinkle.

Sorel, Quebec

SIR:—Folks motoring up the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Montreal always go by the North Shore, so miss delightful Sorel, where the Richelieu flows up from New York. Facing a sleepy old "Place" with towering maples is a beautiful Anglican church of a hundred years ago, full of marble mementoes which tell the few worshippers left of the days when the barracks were full of redcoats and Sorel had a bustling English group. And right behind the church and its old rectory is the greenest and softest of lawns, where the bowls click every evening and French and English accents (*so* English) mix in congenial raillery at twilight. Only half a block away is the faded old traffic sign of perhaps 1910 *de 6 milles à l'h*

Gary, Indiana

There has been much speculation about a saying attributed to President Roosevelt during the first anxious weeks of the present administration. As most frequently reported ("I'll either be the greatest President or the last") the remark did not sound to us in character. Now a correspondent of this Green, who has it from one said to be present on the actual occasion, reports that what was said was more like this. Some fatuous person remarked "You will go down in history as great as the first President." To which Mr. Roosevelt skilfully said, "I hope so—and that I won't be the last."

I do not guarantee this, but it seems a more likely version.

Christopher Morley.

Newfoundland Songs

BALLADS AND SONGS OF NEWFOUNDLAND. Collected by Elizabeth Greenleaf Marshall and Grace Yarrow Mansfield. Harvard University Press. 1933. $5.

IN Newfoundland ballad singing is still a means of entertaining a company. Mrs. Greenleaf began her quest of songs when she was teaching school there, under Wilfrid Grenfell, in his summer Mission. Later she returned, accompanied by Mrs. Mansfield to record the tunes, to resume her search. The two constituted the Vassar Folk-Lore expedition and had the backing of the Vassar College Trustees. Nearly two hundred texts were brought together, among them many imports from Ireland and an unusual number of sea songs.

Lay readers will prefer the Introduction to the display of texts and variants. Here Mrs. Greenleaf writes vivaciously and sympathetically of her experiences as a collector. She presents a record of folk-life, folk-speech, and folk-ways that is fresher reading for jaded balladists than her textual material.

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VIRGINIA WOOLF'S

Flush

ELLEN GLASGOW, N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

● "In this life, so slender in outline yet so rich and witty in substance, Mrs. Woolf has written a masterpiece."

FANNY BUTCHER, *Chicago Tribune*

● "To those who fell for dogs a special tie (and to my mind the nicest people in the world do) the understanding with which the author has described the relationship between Flush and Elizabeth Barrett Browning (which was one of the real emotions of her life), the subtlety with which she sets down the intense devotion between them, and the richness with which Mrs. Woolf has brought to words the sensory life of a dog, is utter delight."

EDITH WALTON, N. Y. *Sun*

● "The drama of Wimpole Street from a new and engagingly canine point of view. A gracious and endearing book."

CLIFTON FADIMAN, New York

● "It is Flush's fortune, lucky dog, to receive this posthumous canonization from the hand of one of the finest living English stylists."

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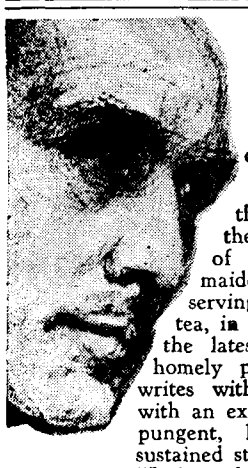

"On the heath snaring rabbits, in the fields pursuing the amatory passions of country boys and maidens, in the cottage serving cheese cakes and tea, in the village retailing the latest scandals . . . in homely pursuits Mr. Home writes with fine feeling and with an excellent sense of the pungent, lively, dramatically sustained story."—*N. Y. Post.* "It is made of the stuff of familiar human experience.—*Saturday Review.*

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THE DARK GARDEN
by Mignon G. Eberhart
4th Printing—$2—The Crime Club, Inc.

Meaning of Meanings

MENCIUS ON THE MIND. By I. A. Richards. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by R. D. Jameson

IN this volume Dr. I. A. Richards makes concrete application of his views on meaning. As in "Practical Criticism" he demonstrated that Cambridge undergraduates were unable to grasp the plain sense of poetry, here he leaves no doubt that the grasping of the plain sense of anything is a task which may tax the best minds of all times. In the illustration of this fact, Mencius is a happy incident; for Mencius is so far removed in time and manner from the machinery which Occidental philosophers use to test their meanings that an attempt to translate Mencius into Occidental terms is a challenge to Dr. Richards's views on multiple definition for the resolution of systematic ambiguities. If difficulties are present in the meditations of an Aquinas or the conversation of a Descartes, fine flowers of Western thinking, growing within our own field of discourse and amenable to our elaborate apparatus of "universals, particulars, substances, attributes, abstracts, concretes, . . . concreate universals, objects, events, forms, contents, etc.," Mencius, who gets along without any of this and without anything definite to take its place, presents a formidable problem, not only to students of China in particular, or of philosophy in general; but to all who are concerned with the problem of interpretation:

> The problem put briefly [says Dr. Richards] is this. Can we, in attempting to understand and translate a work . . . do more than read our own conceptions into it? Can we make it more than a mirror of our minds, or are we inevitably in this undertaking trying to be on both sides of the looking glass at once? To understand Mencius, for example, must we efface our whole tradition of thinking and learn another; and when we have done this . . . will we be any nearer being able to translate the one set of mental operations into the other? Is such translation at best, only an ingenious deformation, in the style of the clever trick by which the children's entertainer makes with his fingers and thumbs a shadow really very like a rabbit?

The complexity of the problem increases when Dr. Richards reminds us that most meanings have at least four components. The business of the translator or interpreter is more frequently with his subject's intention, with his feeling (attitude towards his material), with his tone (attitude towards his audience) than it is with his concept of plain sense. By a shuffling of these components any philosopher can demonstrate the confusions of his rival's thinking; and because of this, laymen suspect that philosophers think not only in but with a vacuum.

What is needed, according to Dr. Richards, is a "greater imaginative resource in a double venture—in imagining other purposes than our own and other structures for the thought that serves them . . . Multiple Definition . . . is a proposal for a systematic survey for the language we are forced to use in translation." Only when the possible meanings of the key words have been charted, will it be possible, according to Dr. Richards, to count the number of convictions in a philosopher's record, a fact which he illustrates, incidentally, by an analysis of Mr. Herbert Read's airy contention that "all that is necessary for clear reasoning and a good style is personal sincerity."

Because students of Chinese thought have lacked these navigational aids, Chinese philosophy has come to us in distorted forms. The differences between Oriental and Occidental purpose and tone have not been understood. "The purpose of Mencius was not scientific but social—was not . . . the ordering of his conceptions with a view to systematic observation and prediction, but the enforcement of a schema of conduct." His thought "operates within an unquestioned limit and seeks a conception of the mind that will be a good servant to the accepted moral system rather than one which is primarily accordant to the facts." This raises the distressing possibility that our own conceptions "may be hardly less subject to social and theological purpose. Do we Think and Feel and Will because we have been so long talking as though we did?"

Historically, the mind which Mencius viewed and which Dr. Richards has been the first to sketch for Western contemplation, has been as adequate to the universe in which it had its being as the minds which our own philosophers have examined. It has produced a civilization which, though different has been no more troubled than ours and may be better equipped to withstand the forces of destruction to which Western culture has often succumbed.

Although Dr. Richards appears to raise more difficulties than he surmounts, his suggestions are bold. It may be that "Mencius on the Mind" will become recognized as marking an epoch in both the study of Chinese culture and the analysis and interpretation of meanings.

R. D. Jameson is a member of the faculty of the National Tsing Hua University, Peiping, China.

Chaucer Modernized

CHAUCER'S TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. Englished anew by George Philip Krapp with Wood Engravings by Eric Gill. New York: Random House. $3.50.

Reviewed by Robert Kilburn Root

"A VERY pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but it's not Homer." The literary historians who have re-ëchoed this verdict of the great scholar Bentley on Pope's spirited and very readable verse translation of the "Iliad" have usually put all their emphasis on the negative clause, and have seemed to forget that Bentley proclaimed it "a fine poem." And a fine poem it is, however un-Homeric its tone and manner. It remains to this day the only verse translation of the "Iliad" in English which one can read for an hour on end with unflagging attention. Something like this must be the verdict of Chaucerian scholars on Professor Krapp's rendering into modern verse of Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida."

Mr. Krapp is himself a distinguished scholar in the field of early English. His understanding of what Chaucer wrote is completely adequate; when he modifies the meaning of a line it is of deliberate intention, with an eye to making medieval turns of thought more readily understandable to a modern reader—and that, I take it, is implicit in the very nature of a translator's task. The modifications are never of any material consequence; in essential substance a stanza of the translation corresponds faithfully with the same stanza of the original. Chaucer's compelling story of a tragic love told in terms of comic irony is all there, with no abridgment of the unhurried leisure with which it moves on towards inevitable disaster. The subtle analysis and psychological portrayal of character which makes of Cressida and her uncle Pandar vividly realized figures is unimpaired. The modern reader who will not take the trouble to read Chaucer in Chaucer's own old-fashioned English can get from Mr. Krapp's version the substance of what Professor Kittredge has called "the first novel, in the modern sense, that ever was written in the world, and one of the best"; but he will not get Chaucer.

What he will lose is the fine flavor of Chaucer's poetic style and manner—a manner which maintains high artistic seriousness even when its irony is most comic, a style which ranges from the ornate to the familiar, even to the colloquial, without ever losing poetic elevation. To the comic and the colloquial of Chaucer's art Mr. Krapp does full justice. Having undertaken to modernize Chaucer, he avoids the affectation of archaic words; he has no "eftsoonery." Some of his phrases are very modern indeed. But the flavor is Byronic rather than Chaucerian. The seven-line stanza of the rhyme royal, as Mr. Krapp very competently handles it, sounds extraordinarily like the *ottava rima* of "Beppo" or "Don Juan." To say that this version of "Troilus and Cressida" reads as though it had been done by a present-day Byron is to pay it no mean compliment. If one mustn't call it Chaucer, one can recognize that it is "a fine poem," and a readable poem. I know, indeed, of no modern version of any of Chaucer's poetry since Dryden's which is so thoroughly readable.

I am sorry that the publishers have chosen to reproduce in this volume Mr. Eric Gill's marginal illustrations, first published in the Golden Cockerel Press edition of the original. Their quaint eroticism is utterly at variance with the temper of the poem. "Troilus and Cressida" is as sophisticated a poem as ever was written; such adventitious quaintness as it may have acquired by the lapse of five hundred years has been quite properly removed in Mr. Krapp's modern version. Nor is the poem in any sense erotic. The conventions of courtly love which dominate its story recognize unashamedly the claim of the senses; but their preoccupation is with the virtues of courtesy, generosity, loyalty, and valor which love should foster in a noble heart. "Troilus and Cressida," whether read in the original or in Mr. Krapp's version, is as far from eroticism as it is from prudery.

Robert K. Root, who has himself brought out an edition of Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida," is professor of English at Princeton University.

There recently arrived in this country from Russia one hundred cases of rare books which once constituted the reading library of the Czars and members of the imperial court. In the collection are represented all the best sellers in French, German, and Russian literature from 1792-1860, all in contemporary bindings, and included are the children's picture books from the Alexander Museum. The library was removed from the private apartments of the palaces of Tsarkoe-Selo and Gatchina, when the Soviet Government transformed these places into a Museum and a home for sick women and children.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CARNIVAL MURDER *Nicholas Brady* (Holt: $2)	Fat woman in English side-show murdered. Eccentric parson discovers the clues: boiled beef, a bucket, and a bottle of beer.	Engagingly told, until gruesome details of crime are revealed. Parson Buckle, expert horticulturist, an attractive creation.	Readable
THE DESTROYING ANGEL *Norman Klein* (Farrar and Rinehart: $2)	Alarmed aristocrat calls in hulking Kennedy Jones, the Huey Long of 'tecs, and three murders follow.	More "atmosphere" and sinister people to square foot than in dozen average yarns. Lusty dialog too.	Top-rank
MURDER OF A BANKER *J. S. Fletcher* (Knopf: $2)	Disappearance and strange death of British banker involve the industrious Messrs. Camberwell and Chaney.	Another enjoyable yarn about two of the least obtrusive but most interesting detectives in fiction.	Good
DOCTOR FRAM *Scobie Mackenzie* (Dutton: $2)	Pair of young British romantics fall into hands of international auto thieves and nearly "take a ride."	A real "picaresque" novel, with humor, excitement, tragedy, sentiment and variety of rich backgrounds.	Read it
MURDER DAY BY DAY *Irvin S. Cobb* (Bobbs Merrill: $2)	Unpleasant Long Island plutocrat and Chinese dered. Detective Bray takes charge.	Diary method of unrolling progress of crime good, but dénouement hoary.	Oh, Mr. Cobb!

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Round About Parnassus

I FIND I have been most dilatory in not commenting before this upon a book of poems by *Lawrence Lee* entitled "Summer Goes On" (Scribner). Mr. Lee teaches now at the University of Virginia from which institution he graduated, is a Virginian connected with the famous Lee family, and deeply cherishes Albemarle County. Two small volumes of his have formerly been published in limited editions, and some of the poems in the present book have appeared from time to time in the best of our periodicals. The general impression that his work leaves with one is of grace, of lightness of touch, of charm of atmosphere, and, in the title poem, of narrative ability which he may develop into something impressive. It is not that he tells an original or a complicated story, but the moving simplicity with which he relates a youthful love story of the summer countryside, the lovely music with which he invests it, the excellence of phrase that never strains for effect yet is as skilful as adept painting of a series of pastoral pictures—these qualities are notable. It seems to me that here is an idyll almost perfectly executed. Here are a new Daphnis and Chloë. And, in this modern day, the feat is rather remarkable. We are not told anything of the problem that parted the lovers, but the deep-running emotion of the poem is nevertheless perfectly conveyed.

There is a beautiful tranquillity over all the book. The first poem, "Helen's Three Daughters" might be a jewel out of some old ballad book. The ballad of "The Fox Hunt," wherein God is the ghostly fox, is notable. "Noon in Barbour County" is a vivid picture. Mr. Lee's more urban poems are of a lighter kind, except "The Bridge," a far different musing from Hart Crane's:

On Doyers Street, above an unlit stair
That creaked, some Chinese music banged
and whined,
And sniffed the corners of the night to
find
If jasmine blossoms trembled anywhere.

There is a beautiful country epitaph, and to illustrate the quality of the five sonnets in the second section, I choose this:

Swimmer in sunlight, what can the quick
trout teach?
Even the swift are taken by surprise,
With wonder captured in their staring
eyes.
All that we count as safe is in death's
reach.
Calm are the pools of the mysterious
streams
And shadowed deeply with the fallen
boles,
Yet terror travels with the silver shoals
Like dread with beauty moving in our
dreams.

What little hooks of worry time can
throw
To take the young and splendid as its
catch!
Even the true for death is not a match—
Nor are the little mysteries that we know.
We can but peer in shadowy deeps and
watch
The years like startled minnows gleam
and go.

This Virginia poet should take his place among the best artists of the South.

A Lecture On Poetry

The Wheaton College Press of Norton, Massachusetts, has put between boards one of the Annie Talbot Cole lectures entitled "Philosophy and Poetry" as delivered by *George Boas*, Associate Professor of Philosophy at The Johns Hopkins University. It is an analysis of ideas in poetry particularly illustrated by a discussion of *Robert Bridges's* "The Testament of Beauty." You can obtain the little book for seventy-five cents. Doctor Boas says some very good things, as

> One cannot then debate a metaphor, because until it is translated into non-metaphorical language it has no more meaning in the strict sense of the word than a flag or a beautiful sunset or a chord of music. Yet in spite of its meaninglessness, it may be very moving and, if it be an appropriate metaphor, so great a stimulus to reflection that we may wholeheartedly embrace or reject it.

His description of how a professor of literature would proceed to point out the meaning of certain lines by *George Herbert* is excellent, and he also says, "When one has heard a professor interpreting *Browning's* 'Last Ride Together' as a symbol of the Mystic Way, one knows to what incredible lengths such exegesis can go." His remarks upon which version of the English Bible we would choose if we desired to read it for meaning, and which for significance, is also illuminating. And I, for one, am no critic to "belabor [him] for faulty taste" in respect to the quotations he chooses from Bridges. As to the expression of highly individualized ideas in metaphor, how truly he says

> One can obviously never establish a general truth by a single example, yet one can illustrate it and, more poignantly, demolish it. For an individual example often suggests the application of a law when a wealth of theorems, corollaries, scholia, and lemmæ simply prove it. And again, individual example may pitilessly deflate a philosophic balloon when pedestrian logic will simply dissuade it from flight.

Again, in his analysis of the late poet laureate's greatest work, he veraciously contends:

> Now a poet who would be a philosophic poet must see clearly, I should imagine, both the cosmic background of humanity and the values which are consonant with it. Bridges saw clearly enough the former but failed to see the latter. Thus he accepted the biological picture of an evolutionary ladder, but he seemed not to accept the economic picture of an industrial society. He could admire the radio, but he could not admire the civilization of which the radio is symbolic.

Altogether, I recommend Doctor Boas's thesis as something worth reading. I myself hope he will write more about poetry, whether in its relationship to philosophy or not.

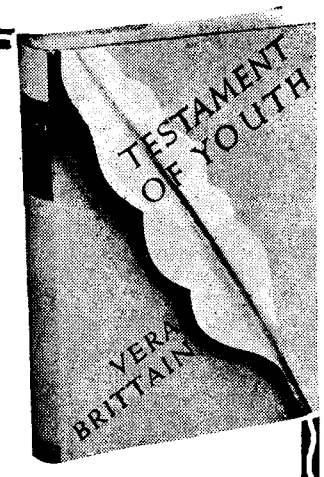
A Master Poet

There's one poet holds his style and has a great and certain accent. Macmillan will publish on the twenty-fourth of this month "The Winding Stair and Other Poems" by *William Butler Yeats*. I am not going to review it now. But merely dipping into the advance sheets has filled me with all the old admiration. In 1929 The Fountain Press of this city brought out a slimmer volume called "The Winding Stair," but it contained only six poems, though one of them, "A Woman Young and Old" was composed of many short ones. The new book has much more, including a long section of separate poems all ranged under the general title, "Words for Music Perhaps." The fine "Blood and the Moon" is, of course, here again, and I learn for the first time that this and the poem "Death" were roused out of Yeats by the assassination of *Kevin O'Higgins* whom he calls "the finest intellect in Irish public life."

Five Men In War

The poem by *Abe Craddock Edmunds* of which I spoke last week, "Five Men," published by The Little Bookshop of Lynchburg, Virginia, has not, I regret to say, come up to my expectations. It seems a true enough account of what might have happened in the Great War. (I need no literature to convince me that war is criminal and idiotic!) But what I miss is that power over words in the writing that can register indelible impressions, and a verse that moves with more than a prose rhythm. I feel that Mr. Edmunds could probably have written his story in prose to better effect. His free verse seems to hamper his freshness of expression rather than to aid it. He has a certain dramatic sense, but his phrase is too often stereotype. His descriptions seem mere "writing," not the scene imaginatively realized. This poem cannot be said to be in the same class with the best War novels.

Testament of Youth



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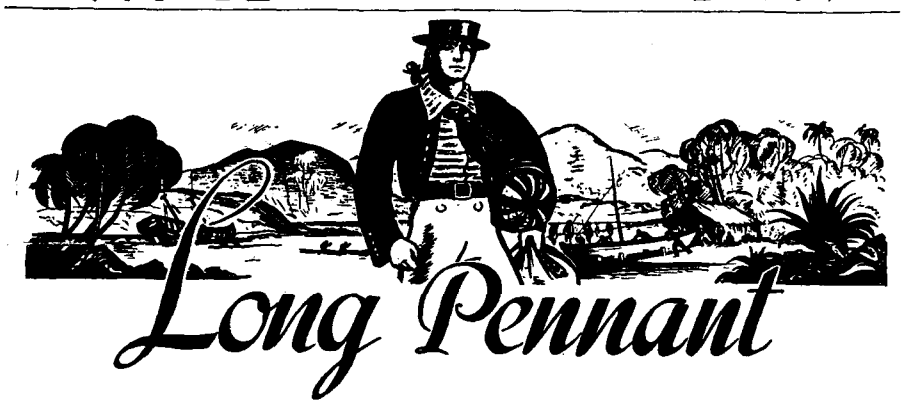

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Pattern of Chivalry

WILLIAM MARSHALL. By Sidney Painter. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

WILLIAM MARSHALL started life as a knight errant and won early fame for his prowess in tournaments. In 1189, aged about forty and a famous though still a landless knight, he won in marriage the heiress of the Earl of Pembroke and thus became one of the greatest barons of the realm of Henry II with broad lands in England, in Normandy, and in Ireland. Throughout the reigns of Richard Cœur de Lion and his unlucky brother John, William Marshall retained and even added to his fiefs, no mean feat in those troubled times and particularly under so tricky and suspicious a sovereign as John; and in the civil war that followed John's death the loyal barons chose the old warrior, who had come to be regarded as their chief, as regent of England in the minority of the nine-year old Henry III. How William Marshall cleared the realm of the French, reëstablished order, and twice reissued the Great Charter is a matter of English history. A chronicle composed at the instance of his son records his exploits in twenty thousand lines of French verse and furnishes the chief source for his biography. To this material Mr. Painter has added whatever can be gleaned from the chronicles of the period or from the published documents to make a scholarly, well balanced, and authoritative life, a far completer study than could be made for many figures of the twelfth century.

Mr. Painter is cautious, perhaps too cautious, in drawing conclusions about his subject. He is inclined to hedge his judgments and to permit the facts to speak for themselves. But it is an interesting portrait that emerges, nevertheless, and one which while it will contain little to surprise the working historian will upset persons whose conception of mediæval chivalry comes from "The White Company" and the works of Maurice Hewlett. Knight errantry, one learns, was conducted on strictly business lines: the main thing was to capture as many prisoners and horses as one could without getting hurt oneself, and squires kept account books which calculated to the last penny the value of their lord's prizes. William Marshall was regarded as the soul of feudal honor and loyalty by his contemporaries and that judgment has been handed down by such enthusiastic historians as Greene, but on several occasions he was in revolt against Henry II, and his vassals in Ireland carried on a private war against the royal officers with his knowledge and approval while he served the court of King John in England. He was the pattern of chivalry, said Stephen Langton at his grave, and his modern biographers would seem to concur in the judgment. Chivalry seems to have been not so different from modern politics and business after all.

The documentation of Mr. Painter's book is excellent and there is a good index but a bibliography of works cited in the notes, which would be a great convenience, is lacking.

Psychological Texts

GENERAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Gardner Murphy. New York: Harper & Bros. 1933. $3.50.

TEXTS, like other instruments of social adjustment, show the lag of tradition. Psychology as taught tends to become estranged from psychology as thought and lived. The proportion in following the lead of the new and discarding the vested interests of the passing generation, determines the modernistic set. Professor Gardner Murphy's survey is distinctive; his text will make an impression. It is advanced in many senses, a valuable picture of contemporary data and interpretation.

Trends develop in an implicit undercurrent; when they break forth, as in the sudden demonstrations of modernistic architecture, their explicit transformation into reality compels attention. In psychology the major choice of an independent expounder is the division of loyalty to experimental and to the naturalistic approach. Professor Murphy is an experimentalist but a broadminded one, giving due regard to psychology as nature made it, before it was brought to the laboratory for analysis. The present reviewer, reversing the perspective of significance is a pronounced naturalist. There is no disagreement of conclusion, only a shift of emphasis. Without the laboratory, psychology would be lagging dismally behind in the general scientific progress which is the outstanding spirit of our achieving times. How far the experimental picture reflects or distorts the naturalistic life of the mind is still an open question. The earlier patterns of laboratory psychology were variously wrong, the mathematizing of Hebart and Fechner conspicuously so; the Wundtians converted human subjects into psychological guinea-pigs. That day is passé; in the present text analysis does not unduly neglect life.

The book is packed, but always in orderly manner, with facts, a rich store of rapidly accumulated data; and the structure of the forest is then staked out through the trees. Being a psychologist is no sinecure and no arm-chair diversion. The student must work for his conclusions and master a dozen techniques in the process; and the largest of these techniques is a strong logical sense that is not upset by new vocabularies and far-flung as well as far-fetched theories. The simplyfying of the behavioristic conditioners is set in its place, and Freudian extravagances properly chartered. Process is fundamental but product is decisive; how we work the equipment this text comprehensively sets forth.

The Tongues of Men

THE THEORY OF SPEECH AND LANGUAGE. By Alan H. Gardiner. Oxford University Press.

Reviewed by GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP

THIS book is written with an engaging simplicity and animation not often encountered in the field of linguistic theory. If the views advanced are not always as novel as the author seems to think, they are nevertheless sensible, and well-founded on reason and observation. They are presented, moreover, without the burden of illustrations from strange and exotic languages which in so many books on language serve no higher purpose than to exemplify the pedantry of the author. Mr. Gardiner's examples are mostly from English, French, and German, and one can but agree with him that these languages supply abundant materials for illustrating the general theories which he is concerned to set forth.

The distinction between speech and language as the terms are used in the book, is that speech is the use of language in its immediate moment of activity, and language is the accumulation in tradition of past acts of speech. Language is therefore the material for the student, the grammarian, and philologist, speech is the activity of the practitioner. Mr. Gardiner finds four constant factors always present in the activity of speech, the speaker, the listener, the symbols of expression, auditory or visual, and the thing spoken about. The interworkings of these four factors, simple enough as a practical activity, to the theorist and analyst present abundant materials for exposition. The questions, for example, how much of language is present in the activity of speech and in what way it is present, are obviously not susceptible of a simple answer, nor of one applicable alike to all persons. It is by the way of such questions, however, that all problems of correctness and of approval and condemnation in speech must be approached.

The chief topics of this volume have to do with the distinction between language and speech, between sentence and word, and between form and function. A second volume is promised in which the customary terms of grammatical nomenclature will be limited and defined. Perhaps the most interesting general conclusion of this first volume lies in Mr. Gardiner's insistence on the importance of purposive intention, that is, of something lying beyond simple form, in all analysis of speech and language. Yet the reader will continually follow the text with nods of approval and recognition, and though at the end he may lay the book down with a sigh and ask whether it was worth all this trouble, this is scarcely a fair criticism. Certainly it is not incumbent on any person to be interested in the theory of speech, and very few are. But it is only by some such method as is employed here that reason and order can be given to that body of opinion and instruction in matters of language which is still very largely nothing more than unreflecting and often misleading tradition.

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Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to Miss Loveman, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

Chess instead of War

When William James suggested a moral equivalent for war he didn't, we suppose, regard chess as qualifying for that purpose. Yet the ancient Hindus, at least the Buddhists among them in whose belief killing under any circumstances was held to be criminal, are said to have invented chess as a substitute for battle. Would that the Germans would so see it, and a generation of Nathan der Weises arise to make it popular! In our ignorance we had always cheerfully accepted the theory that the game first saw the light in Persia, but on investigation we find that in all probability it merely sifted through to the Persians from the Hindus. Its birthplace, indeed, seems as much in dispute as Homer's. All this we discovered in the course of our peregrinations through the Encyclopædia Britannica to which we turned after having secured the title of a "book on chess for a half-grown boy" for *S. T. B. of Ballard Vale, Mass.*, merely to see whether its article might prove of additional help to the youngster. It's rather too advanced for him, we believe, though its diagrams might prove of interest to him. The book that he will find useful is CHESS STEP BY STEP (Dutton), by Frank J. Marshall and J. C. H. MacBeth, which begins with men and terminology and works up to illustrative games, setting forth and explaining various openings and defenses. This work is simple yet comprehensive, and should stand the beginner in good stead.

On the Links

This is our sports week, apparently, for in addition to an inquiry on chess we've had a request from *N. S. K. of Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.*, for a book or books on golf which may be considered authoritative. It's gratifying to find sources of information so divergent as Brentano's and Abercrombie & Fitch in complete agreement as to the best volumes—brain and brawn in perfect unison. Both these founts of knowledge recommend GOLF, by Bob MacDonald, GOLF FUNDAMENTALS, by Seymour Dunn, and THE GAME OF GOLF, by Joyce and Roger Wethered, Bernard Darwin, Horace Hutchinson, and T. C. Simpson. The first named volume, GOLF, published in Chicago by the MacDonald Golf School, is a lavishly illustrated and detailed work, by one of the most successful professionals of the Middle West. It is, however, expensive, costing ten dollars. Mr. Dunn's volume, GOLF FUNDAMENTALS, published by the author in Lake Placid, N. Y., where, as well as in New York City, he has taught the game, is a scieitific analysis of it, presenting, along with other illustrations, compass drawings plotting the course of the ball, etc. This costs five dollars. THE GAME OF GOLF (Lippincott: $6), whose authorship, as we noted above, is multiple, contains a history of the game, instruction for playing it, and directions for the building of a course.

Plays of Various Nations

Having thus summarily dispatched play, we'll go on to plays, and the inquiry of *V. F. S. of* ——— Well, we're at a loss for V. F. S. hasn't put an address on his letter, and we haven't the self-addressed envelope which no doubt accompanied it at hand. However, in the words of the poet, we'll "shoot an arrow into the air" and trust that it will reach its mark. V. F. S. wants five modern plays, "preferably international as to authorship, but not necessarily modern in 'ethical' character" for a study club of intelligent women. There's an interesting assortment to choose from, of course, and our selection has perforce been rather arbitrary. We think, however, that the club would find rewarding consideration of Hauptmann's THE SUNKEN BELL, which is contained in the volume of symbolic and legendary plays in the set of Hauptmann's works (Viking), edited by Ludwig Lewisohn; Maeterlinck's BLUE BIRD (Dodd, Mead), in the Alexander Teixeira de Mattos translation; MAN AND MASSES (Doubleday, Doran) under which title Ernst Toller's MASSE MENSCH has been published in English; SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR, by Pirandello, which is in the book called THREE PLAYS (Dutton), and Bernard Shaw's SAINT JOAN or THE APPLE CART (Dodd, Mead), to select from Shaw's more recent plays. If the club wants American plays it might take Marc Connelly's GREEN PASTURES (Farrar & Rinehart), or Eugene O'Neill's STRANGE INTERLUDE, or MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA. It will find an interesting collection of American plays in the recently issued REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN DRAMAS—NATIONAL AND LOCAL (Little, Brown), edited by Montrose Moses, and if it wants to go back as far as Oscar Wilde for witty and entertaining comedy it can secure THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST or LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN in inexpensive editions from French or Putnams. It may interest the club to know that Ernst Toller, who is one of Germany's proscribed writers, is shortly to arrive in this country. Herr Toller was one of the outstanding figures of last summer's P.E.N. Club meeting in Dubrovnik (as beautiful under its post-war name as under the more familiar Ragusa), where his impassioned address confirmed the international delegates in their disapproval of Germany. His trip through Jugo-Slavia, we understand, was a triumphal progress, with cheering crowds awaiting him at railway stations, and groups of students lifting him to their shoulders.

We were about to pass on to another question when suddenly we realized that we had made no mention of Noel Coward; there's to be an omnibus edition of his plays issued by Doubleday, Doran in the fairly near future which can be counted on to contain entertaining reading if the club wants light and amusing badinage. And Eugene O'Neill's latest success, the comedy, AH, WILDERNESS! which the Theatre Guild is presenting to full houses, has just been issued in book form (Random House). The movie rights of the play, our friends of the theatrical world tell us, have recently been sold for a sum that sounds as if the depression had fled around the corner. Suddenly, our informant says, the theatrical business has felt a stirring of new life. Even poor plays are running to crowded houses, and there's a general attitude of interest and expectation. We hope it's indicative of a general revival.

Early English Literature

We've been shying away from the request of *R. D. J., New York City*, for guidance in the study of early English literature (from about 700 to 1400) merely because the field it opens up is so large that we have felt that once launched upon it we shall write on and on to the exclusion of everything else. And yet there's no need of consuming so much space, for R. D. J. can find in the CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (Macmillan) not only the most authoritative brief survey of what he desires but excellent bibliographies that will furnish him direction for further study. The period in which he is interested is covered by Volumes I and II, the first of which runs from the beginning to the cycles of romance, and the second of which carries on from that point to the end of the Middle Ages. As to the special books on the "religious, social, and cultural life of the people" which R. D. J. desires he can turn to that standard and fascinating work, Traill's SOCIAL ENGLAND (Putnam), ENGLISH WAYFARING LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES (London: Unwin), by Ambassador Jusserand (whose autobiography, by the way, is about to appear, and a delightful volume it is); and George G. Coulton's SOCIAL LIFE IN BRITAIN FROM THE CONQUEST TO THE REFORMATION (Cambridge University Press). Volume XXXV of the HARVARD CLASSICS contains early English chronicles and romances, issued by P. F. Collier. There's always Stopford Brooke's HISTORY OF EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE (Macmillan), of course, to resort to, and if R. D. J. has a well-stocked library in his neighborhood he can consult such works as the eight volumes of A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND, and Hallam's INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE, a work which had great prestige in its day. But there! We knew we oughtn't to get started on R. D. J.'s question. We'll send him an addendum to this paragraph in due course by letter.

Noteworthy New Scribner Books

The Conquest of a Continent
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The first history of America in terms of race. Who settled America, where they came from, why they came, where they settled, their racial characteristics, what they did toward building the nation—the whole mighty panorama of American growth graphically pictured and analyzed, with warnings about present dangers and constructive suggestions for future preservation of our national unity. *With 14 maps.* $3.00

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The Dawn of Conscience
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by **James H. Breasted**
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Going far below previous historical horizons, Dr. Breasted, through his researches in the Past," proves that the moral sentiment ized society originated in ancient Egypt fore the long-accepted "age of revelation." His book is as readable as it is scholarly and breathes new life into civilizations that were old 5000 years before the Christian era. *Illustrated.* $3.00

Bare Hands and Stone Walls
Some Recollections of a Side Line Reformer
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Books of the Fall

By Amy Loveman

THE exigencies of space brought us to an abrupt halt last week just as we supposed we had come to the end of our list of biographies of the Fall season. But alas and alack, no sooner had we dispatched our copy to the printer than we discovered we had omitted mention of three volumes which certainly should have been enumerated with the others. We hasten to repair our negligence by stating now that few among the works of recent weeks has had the interest or the excellence of the life of Sidney and Beatrice Webb (Houghton Mifflin), by Agnes Mary Hamilton; that all followers of reform and zealots for it ought to find much to hold their attention in Charles E. Russell's "Bare Hands and Stone Walls" (Scribners), and that not only former Yale men but a far wider public should derive enjoyment from A. G. Keller's "Reminisicences of William Graham Summer" (Yale University Press) whose "forgotten man" has turned up again so vigorously in these past months. And while we're about it—confessing our omissions—we'll take the opportunity of sliding in out of place reference to certain volumes of fiction we had intended to include on our list and forgot in the press of writing. We had meant to state that George Milburn's collection of short stories, "No More Trumpets" (Harcourt, Brace), Erskine Caldwell's "We Are the Living" (Viking), and Dorothy Parker's forthcoming "After such Pleasures" (Viking), all deserved attention. And we forgot of all things H. G. Wells's "The Shape of Things to Come" (Macmillan), an interesting Utopian forecast, and Winifred Holtby's amusing satire, "Mandoa, Mandoa!" (Macmillan).

Now that we've confessed our sins and we hope redressed them, we turn to recent works of history. Two of the most striking volumes in this field are in the form of collections of pictures, "The First World War" (ominous title), a book which Simon & Schuster issued not long ago and which contains an admirably selected succession of photographs revealing the course of the war on all fronts and its incidence upon the civilian populations, briefly but affectively captioned by Laurence Stallings, and "The American Procession" (Harpers), a work for which Agnes Rogers has selected photographs presenting the history of the United States from 1860 to the present day and her husband, Frederick Allen, has supplied a running commentary. These are both books of the highest interest. Readers of the earlier volumes of Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" (Scribners) will welcome "Over Here", the fifth volume in the series, which like its predecessors, is lavishly illustrated and overflowing with interesting incident. There is shortly to appear a work which lovers of the Reniassance should turn to with eagerness, Ralph Roeder's "The Man of the Renaissance" (Viking), which, built around the personalities of Savonarola, Machiavelli, Aretino, and Castiglione, constructs a vivid picture of the civilization of their day.

Those who are looking for discussion of more contemporary affairs will find material to their taste in Klaus Mehnert's "Youth in Soviet Russia" (Harcourt, Brace), Harold Nicolson's "Peacemaking" (Houghton Mifflin), an account of the Versailles Conference; in the comprehensive and striking survey by G. D. H. and Mary Cole, entitled "The Intelligent Man's Review of Europe Today" (Knopf), in Walter Lippmann's "Interpretations" (Macmillan), and in Carleton Beals's "The Crime of Cuba" (Lippincott). In connection with Mr. Mehnert's book on youth in Russia we should have mentioned that a new volume is shortly to come from the pen of Maurice Hindus. "The Great Offensive" (Smith & Haas) is a fascinating portrayal of affairs in the Soviet republic at the present day, written with the same animation and the same telling selection of detail which marked Mr. Hindus's earlier books. With his volume might be read Michael T. Florensky's "World Revolution and the U. S. S. R." (Macmillan).

There is a miscellaneous group of publications in the field of belles lettres and the arts which deserves mention and readers. It includes Logan Pearsall Smith's illuminating and stimulating "On Reading Shakespeare" (Harcourt, Brace), "Rockwellkentiana" (Harcourt, Brace),

(Continued on page 210)

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

JOSH BILLINGS; YANKEE HUMORIST. By Cyril Clemens. Webster Groves, Missouri: International Mark Twain Society. 1932. $2.

Josh Billings, or Henry Wheeler Shaw, as he was christened, is a familiar name to most of us, but there are few today who could quote any of his aphoristic sayings, once so popular. His books are out of print, and it has been a half century since his huge, stooping figure last stepped forward on the platform to deliver his famous lecture on "Milk," not a word of which dealt with the subject. But we remember Josh, together with Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and a host of his other contemporaries, as a typical American humorist—whatever that may mean.

The qualities which we usually associate with our national humor were born on the frontier, whether in Connecticut in the early days or in Missouri or California later. They are principally overstatement, dialect, and an underlying homely wisdom. Josh Billings had all of these; but Mr. Clemens has found in him something else which many of his fellows lacked, the art of the aphorism. He has pieced out his life by gathering the few data still available, and by supplementing them with the recollections and comments of many who knew the man or his work. The result is not a story of incident or action, for the early years when Shaw was in the west are almost wholly undocumented. But a portrait of John Billings the lecturer emerges, and the characteristics of his work are clearly defined. When we realize that some of his sayings, which sound so crude and spontaneous, were pondered for three hours, then written in regular English, and finally translated into homespun, he seems less the clown and more the conscious artist. Such technique suggests Emerson and Poor Richard; and Mr. Clemens has spared no pains in pointing out the kinship. By placing his humorist in the American tradition of aphoristic writing, he had made an incidental, but important, contribution to our literary history. R. E. S.

Biography

THE ENGLISH ECCENTRICS. By Edith Sitwell. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $4.

These odd characters are mainly from the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Some of them are already familiar, such as Porson, Beau Brummell, Herbert Spencer. Others one may or may not have met with before, such as John Mytton, Edward Wortley Montagu, Thomas Lake Harris (in the "Life of Laurence Oliphant"). But most of them will be new to most readers. The chapters on Quacks, on Sportsmen, and on Men of Learning are particularly good reading. Anything about that terrific scholar, Porson, is apt to be delightful. Captain Philip Thicknesse, the man of many quarrels, Margaret Fuller, and Charles Waterton, have each a chapter to themselves. Margaret Fuller and T. L. Harris are Americans; Margaret Fuller is included because Miss Sitwell wanted to write about her. One remembers any number of notable English eccentrics who are not mentioned. She does not intend to exhaust the subject, but only to present her private collection. It is quite the right way to deal with eccentrics.

Of phenomenally aged folk, one has often read of Thomas Parr, (152); but Louisa Trusco, who died in 1780 at 175, seems to hold the record, with Henry Jenkins next at 169. Miss Sitwell chronicles eleven in the eighteenth century whose ages ran from 130 to 140. As she does not question the authenticity of any I take it they are regarded as established, though I have the impression there are skeptics on the whole subject. In the same chapter with the Ancients are grouped also the Ornamental Hermits. Some of them were employed as features in Gothic landscape, like ruins constructed over bosky dells in the interests of pleasing melancholy. I do not remember whether or not Beers mentions them in his "History of Romanticism." The only ornamental hermit I ever met was in Capri, on the point of the eastern cliff where stands the gilded statue of the Madonna del Succurso. Whether there is a hermit there still under Fascism I have never heard. He was a rather depressed old man in a Franciscan gown, but you could buy of him a bottle of wine which, shared with the visitor, would act favorably on his spirit. John Mytton was a sportsman, but the classification is inadequate. He reminds one of Turgeniev's story, "A Desperate Character."

The only eccentrics whom Miss Sitwell dislikes are the misers, and the one she likes best is Charles Waterton, traveller, naturalist, and twenty-seventh inheritor of his ancestral seat, Walton Hall; a "chivalrous, wise, loving, and gay saint," who at eighty still climbed to the tops of trees to look at bird's nests, danced in the snow, and threw his slippers over his head. His adventures were innumerable and all his oddities engaging. A book by a Sitwell is necessarily stylistic, a little sophisticated. Miss Sitwell's purple patches however are not purple, but carefully subdued, and even at times slightly obscure. They do not greatly matter. The portrait of an eccentric is more important than any reflections that may be draped around him. Miss Sitwell's reading in out of the way eighteenth century material is truly enviable. A. C.

Fiction

PAN IN THE PARLOUR. By Norman Lindsay. Illustrated by the Author. Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.50.

In the first place, Norman Lindsay is an excellent draughtsman. He is secondarily a writer. His essays in the field of the novel have been various. In "Every Mother's Son" he gave us a rather grim analysis of what might be called "Main Street life" in Australia. In his recent "The Cautious Amorist" he produced a self-illustrated volume of considerable hilarity, a book to whose total effect both his talents as a writer and as a draughtsman contributed. The present story would appear to be of the latter order, save that it is not exactly hilarious—in fact leans back toward "Main Street." The illustrations are livelier than the text. They will help the reader. The story is concerned with sexual mixups in the Australian township of Quittagong, seemingly brought to a head by the intrusion of an irritatingly epicene youth, Laurence, who visits the town as the nephew of one of the characters. Apparently he is meant to be the little Pan in the parlor, his influence contributing to the disorganization of several married families, though the seeds of their dilemmas were actually sown before his arrival upon the scene. The book's structure is lopsided.

There is a man who raises chickens when he should be doing something scientific, and a man who writes novels he himself has to print since nobody buys them; and a Roman courtesan sort of wife of the latter, and a wife with a most annoying habit of speech of the former; and there are several other girls and several other men, and a barmaid, and so on. And the present reviewer couldn't really bring himself to care very much about the destinations of any of these characters.

Mr. Lindsay has certain observations to make, concerning the sexual discomfort of the married state as applied to certain types of individual, that contain some sapience. He looks at life with sophisticated humor and thoroughly relishes a bit of naughtiness now and then. He is a convinced pagan. But none of the people he presents to us seem really worth bothering much about. This reviewer will return to "The Cautious Amorist" when he feels larky, and let Quittagong continue to stew in its own juice. Not that there isn't good writing in the book. But the people seem essentially heavy, even in their squabbles, in at least one case of adultery, and in their reconciliations. The flesh governs them and the story rather too importantly for our taste, and the humor is somewhat slapstick. This may be a harsh judgment. But Mr. Lindsay can certainly be funnier—just as in "Every Mother's Son" he could write more interesting realism. W. R. B.

WHITE PIRACY. By James Warner Bellah. Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.

Written in the quick, sparkling patter of a Broadway show this book moves fast and amusingly. The head of an old Maryland family remakes the fortune which his ancestors dissipated, and builds a colossal "road house" for his two sons and his daughter. Marriages are made and unmade, seductions gayly encouraged, and the whiskey flows freely. Mr. Bellah has Oppenheim's genius for making all his characters likable, drunk or sober. Young and sophisticated, but never blasé, they live with the carefree joy of young

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colts in a field. "White Piracy" was a well chosen title.

When, however, all the characters have become gloriously entangled the author, sadly, sets about the task of straightening them out. The process of cleaning up is always dull, particularly when the result is to be universal content, achieved in the straight and narrow path. For the reader who does not demand happy endings to movies the omission of the last fifty odd pages is recommended. With this proviso he may settle down with unmarred pleasure to a form of Sparkling Moselle which has no government tax. A. W.

SHE SAW THEM GO BY. By Hester W. Chapman. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $2.50.

An aged Englishwoman recalls her experiences in the Balkan principality of Zarayia in 1870, when she was lady-in-waiting to the Princess Dagmar; and for readers old enough to remember "The Prisoner of Zenda" the chief interest of the book will lie in the changes Miss Chapman had to make to adapt the Zenda formula to the modern taste. The revolutionary conspiracies are far more realistic, and there is a good deal of economic background (did Ruritania have any economics?); and the two heroines come out far less happily than they used to in the innocent nineties. Instead of honorable marriage for the lady-in-waiting and bitter but noble renunciation for the princess, they now proceed respectively to long and arid frustration and brief, unhallowed joys.

Miss Chapman seems to be a better historian than a novelist, and would probably be more successful in reporting a real revolution than in inventing one. Much of her detail is excellent—especially the early pictures of the luxurious but impoverished court, menaced by the rising popular indignation; but when the time for action comes it is a good deal less vivid, the reader's expectations are raised only to be disappointed, and the whole turns out to be a good deal less than the sum of its parts. But it is a first novel; the virtues Miss Chapman has are mostly innate, the things she lacks can most of them be learned. Her second novel should be a good deal more satisfactory. E. D.

THE PROSELYTE. By Susan Ertz. Appleton-Century. 1933. $2.50.

There should be a large audience for this romance, which tells a story of love and loyalty among the early Mormons, and touches but does not probe too deeply the question of plural marriages. Zillah Purdy, an English girl, marries a Mormon missionary in England and goes with him to live in Salt Lake City, a few years after it is founded. On the way they cross the mountains with a caravan of hand-carts and undergo many hardships. Once in "Zion" she has the experience of sharing her husband with another girl. C. S.

CASH ITEM. By Catherine Brody. Longmans, Green. 1933. $2.

Novels about the inarticulate, the plain dumb, and drab occasionally succeed only in becoming inarticulate, plain dumb, and drab; witness John Hermann's "Summer Is Ended" which almost hit an all-time low in its monotonous, faithful insistence on representing the monosyllabic processes of the nearly illiterate.

In her second novel, Miss Brody has almost equalled Mr. Hermann. Revolving chiefly about two characters, Deena Padgett and Larry Yomans, it plods its weary way to a conclusion, and that is the best that can be said for it. As the story opens, Deena, who barely functions above the neck, is working as an usher in a Cleveland theatre. She wants to shine on Broadway, she says. "I wanta work hard an' shine on Broadway. I'll do it, too. I'll do it afore I'm twenty! I made up my mind an' I got a will like castiron." When the story ends she is twenty-one and no nearer Broadway than before; but she is about to be married to Larry, a bank-teller who has just finished a six-month term for embezzlement. Lured by the glitter of easy money, he had done nothing strictly illegal; he had bought stock on his bank's credit, and the stock had gone down, not up. Dazed, he goes to jail, dazed he gets out, goes to California. Between the front cover and the back, this is about all that has happened; Deena, cheated of her savings by the necessity of burying her father, lives at home with her wretched family, runs an elevator in the bank, protesting against the fate that has kept her from Broadway. Larry, with barely a brain to call his own, has been swept into jail and floated out. There are a couple of parties, a funeral, brief sketches of the gloomy town of Micmac, the gloomier beings that people it.

These people and the situations Miss Brody takes them through at a weary pace have been so incompletely realized and have been set forth in a prose so weirdly diffuse and rankly amateurish that with the best intentions in the world to coöperate with the author, it is impossible for the reader to remain interested in them, let alone sympathize. A. C. B.

RED CLAY. By Frederic Arnold Kummer. Sears. 1933. $2.

Out of the depression have arisen a number of satiric fantasies, presenting the sunny side of vagabond life. Last season we had Nathan's "One More Spring," this season "Red Clay."

Two young New Yorkers, a boy and a girl, left penniless by the closure of their bank, take to the open road with a marionette show as their sole source of income. They are joined by a tramp violinist who guides and teaches them in the ways of the wanderer. The approach of winter finally finds the trio settled on a farm in the good old fashion, back to the "red clay."

The whimsical charm of the book is slightly marred by conventional love scenes, and by the spasmodic introduction of a former fiancée of the young man, "steel hard and inflexible." At times the situation verges on the stereotyped love triangle, kept moving only by external accidents. In spite of these defects, a charming conception, executed with flashes of irony and some rather lovely phrasing makes this book eminently readable. A. W.

Government

CURRENT MUNICIPAL PROBLEMS. By Ernest S. Griffith. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $2.

A generation ago textbooks on municipal government were practically unknown; today they are well nigh innumerable. Indeed one of the distinguishing features of the modern municipal movement has been the multiplication of means for the adequate study not only of the machinery of local government, but its purposes and ideals. While Dr. Griffith calls his new volume a "textbook" it is something far more. It is more nearly a postgraduate check up.

It is one of the most refreshing and stimulating contributions to the literature of the subject that recent years has afforded, a fresh presentation of modern viewpoints, helpful in aiding one to evaluate municipal progress. It must be admitted in all frankness, however, that it raises far more questions than it answers.

It is a splendid addition to the list of volumes dealing with civic affairs, but whether it is an equally valuable addition to pedagogic literature presents another problem. L. L. W.

Philosophy

EASTERN PHILOSOPHY FOR WESTERN MINDS. An approach to the principles and modern practice of Yoga. By Hamish McLaurin. Stratford. 1933. $2.50.

The author writes with common sense and in the simplest Americanese of subjects generally made unnecessarily vague by exotic terms and not infrequently surrounded with a good deal of esoteric bunk. Indeed, its "debunking" is one of the most useful services performed by his little book.

He makes clear the distinction between the philosophy of life set down in the ancient Vedantic texts and the exaggerations and perversions of this philosophy seen in present-day India. The doctrine of illusion, for example, which holds that the things we see, hear, taste, smell, touch are disguises rather than realities, was one thing in its pristine form—or as it is understood by any Western believer in monism—and quite another as interpreted by more or less ignorant Hindus into the notion that nothing matters, that the visible world being merely a phantom, one might just as well sit in the shade doing nothing, accept whatever passers-by feel like giving, and wait to merge with the Infinite.

The "yogi" of Western mystery plays, cheap fiction, the movies, and much that passes for "occult" literature, and even the fakers and human pin-cushions who pass for "yogis" sometimes in India, are very different from the wise, sane, physically well-trained adept in Yoga. The latter doesn't, to be sure, wear out his nerves trying to make a million dollars or to break speed, height, or other records, but he does take better care of his physical health than most sport-loving Westerners; he is sensitive to nature and aware of the value of all human relationships; and his

(*Continued on following page*)

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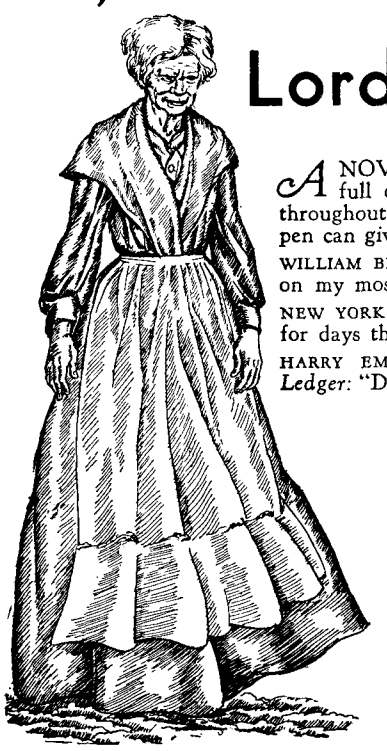

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Tulsa, Oklahoma.
October 10, 1933.

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Children's Bookshelf

YOUNG FU OF THE UPPER YANGTSE. By Elizabeth Foreman Lewis. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $2.50.

Reviewed by Alice Tisdale Hobart

THIS is the story of a Chinese boy learning his trade in the ancient city of Chungking. In the course of the years of his apprenticeship he has enough adventure to satisfy the heart of the most adventurous of American boys. Beggars attack him when he is delivering a choice piece of his master's handiwork, soldiers coerce him in carrying on his slight shoulders the load of a man, bandits attack the junk on which he is travelling, he is nearly caught in the spring flood waters of the Yangtse, he helps rescue a house from the clutches of the evil spirit of fire, he lives through a hot summer when disease takes toll of his friends. In one very delightful chapter he is tempted into buying a foreign watch with radium hands, a treasure as far beyond his pocketbook as a motor car would be beyond an American boy. The adventures he has in trying to get the money are unexpected and delightfully Chinese.

In less expert hands the story might well have become top heavy with adventure. In that it does not lies the worth of this book. One gets a very strong sense that the Chinese boy is simply partaking of the every day normal life of his city. The American boy born to comfort and security steps very naturally across the threshold of this other country where the pinch of poverty is so universal that the rank and file of boys are very early forced to earn their own living and to use their wits to keep out of the danger of war, pestilence, and famine.

The author has accomplished this by making the real theme of the book the boy's pride in the learning of his craft. You feel Young Fu's own delight in making good and beautiful brasses. You get really excited over the little apprentice's growing dexterity culminating in the perfect piece acceptable to the master craftsman. It is a very valuable understanding for the American boy living in a machine-made world to get so clear a glimpse of this other nation rich in the art of the craftsman.

Miss Lewis very evidently knows the city of Chungking set on its hill overlooking the Yangtse. The whole city is in the book, rich and poor, good and bad, young and old, they come into view on the crowded streets, pass out of the picture and appear again. You see just off the crowded street Young Fu's home of one room with the scholar living above and you see vividly the shop of artisan Tang with its lovely brasses and the dark workshop behind with its primitive anvil, its not less primitive furnace, its toiling apprentices and artisans.

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Mrs. Hobart, who has lived many years in China is the author of "Oils for the Lamps of China," reviewed on another page.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

doctrine of illusion and belief in a monistic universe, in which there is no place for the detached "soul" in the sense in which the latter is understood by ordinary orthodox Christianity, far from making him indifferent to the claims of everyday life, actually lead him to live more completely than do most Westerners. The world as he sees it, is, indeed, an illusion, looked at in terms of infinity, but it is, so long as his present life lasts, the only world there is, and it behooves him to make the most of it, guiding his behavior, however, with the reasoning that good acts bring good results, and bad acts bad results. In a sense, the intelligent student of Yoga is more "Western" than our own denominational Christians, with their sometimes passive "oriental" waiting for the rewards of a future world.

Religion

THE SHORT BIBLE: The American Translation in Brief. Edited by Edgar J. Goodspeed and J. M. P. Smith. University of Chicago Press. 1933. $2.

Mr. Goodspeed rightly says in his preface to this brief Bible, that if the greatest of books is to be known except as a reference volume, the introduction, at least, should be through some selected and abbreviated version. The text of his volume is the recent American translation, already reviewed in these columns. If it often lacks the beauty of the King James translation it has the advantage of far greater accuracy and lucidity. The arrangement of the books of the Bible is chronological in the light of most recent scholarship, which means that, in the Old Testament, Amos and the other prophets begin the development of Hebrew ideas, which are summarized later in the great narrative of the Pentateuch, from Genesis on. In the New Testament the Epistles of Paul come first, with the Gospels following. A particularly valuable feature of this edition are the brief prefaces to the selections, which give simply and clearly the history and significance of each book. It is not too much to say that to the reader who has not kept pace with Bible schlarship, these prefaces will be a revelation. "The Short Bible" deserves and will have a wide circulation, especially among the new generation who know not Jehovah in the familiar record of the old-time Bible (which for all its majesty is confusing and sometimes unintelligible to youth trained in science and rationalism). They may here find a doorway to the greatest monument of spiritual literature. H. S. C.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

Imaginary Conversations and Poems. W. S. Landor. (Everyman's Library.) Dut. 70 cents. *The Hebrew Literary Genius.* D. B. Macdonald. Princeton Univ. Pr. $2.50. *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes.* V. Starrett. Macmil. $2. *American Literature.* S. T. Williams. Lppin. $1.

BIOGRAPHY

Ludwig Lewisohn. A. Gillis. Duffield. $1.50. *"To Markie." The Letters of Robert E. Lee to Martha Curtis Williams.* Ed. A. Craven. Harvard Univ. Pr. $1.50. *Philip II.* J. H. Marléjol. Harp. $3.75. *It Was the Nightingale.* F. M. Ford. Lippin. $3. *Boris Godunof.* S. Graham. Yale Univ. Pr. $2.50. *Martin Luther.* A. Lipsky. Stokes. $3.

FICTION

No More Sea. W. Follett. Holt. $2.50. *Murder of a Banker.* J. S. Fletcher. Knopf. $2. *Escape to Life.* F. Körmendi. Morrow. $2.50. *Pan in the Parlour.* N. Lindsay. Farrar. $2.50. *The Destroying Angel.* N. Klein. Farrar. $2. *Sing to the Sun.* L. P. Borden. Macmil. $2. *The Carnival Murder.* N. Brady. Holt. $2. *Radetzky March.* J. Roth. Viking. $2.50. *Men, Women, and Rattlesnakes.* F. P. Collier, Jr. New York: Godwin. $2. *Golden Rain.* M. Widdemer. Farrar. *Where Is My Mother?* C. G. Kerley. Smith & Haas. $2. *Women in the Sun.* B. Thielen. Bobbs. $2. *Murder Day by Day.* I. S. Cobb. Bobbs. $2. *The Strange Murder of Hatton, K.C.* H. Adams. Lippin. $2. *The Red Rajah.* L. A. Kent. Houghton. $2. *Clarissa.* S. Richardson. (Everyman's Library) Dut. 4 vols. 70 cents each. *The Hash Knife Outfit.* Z. Grey. Harp. $2. *Eighteen Carat Virgin.* Pitigrilli. Greenberg. $2.

HISTORY

Minnesota in the War with Germany. F. F. Holbrook and L. Appel. Vol. II. Ed. S. J. Buck. Minnesota Hist. Soc. $2.50. *Our Earliest Colonial Settlements.* C. M. Andrews. N. Y. Univ. Pr. $2.50. *The American Procession.* A. Rogers and F. L. Allen. Harp. $2.75.

INTERNATIONAL

Germany—Twilight or New Dawn? Whittlesey. $2. *Young China and New Japan.* Mrs. C. Chesterton. Lippin. $2.50. *The Spirit of France.* P. Cohen-Portheim. Dut. $3.

JUVENILE

All around the Alphabet. L. Towsley. Farrar. $1. *The Doll's Journey.* E. and A. Fischer. Warne. $1.75. *The Book about Animals.* Warne. *Butterwick Farm.* C. Webb. Warne. $2. *Heroes and Heroines.* E. and H. Farjeon. Dut. $2.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

Another Gardener's Bed-Book. R. Wright. Lippin. $2.50. *Is That in the Bible?* C. F. Potter. Doubleday. *Are You a Genius?* R. A. Streeter and R. G. Hoehn. Stokes. $1. *Behind the Doctor.* L. Clendening. Knopf. $3.75. *Not Guilty.* F. D. Paisley. Put. $2.50. *Paris to the Life.* P. Morand and D. Spiegel. Oxford Univ. Pr. $3. *The Reader's Guide to Everyman's Library. R. F. Sharp.* (Everyman's Library) Dut. *The Elements of Euclid.* Ed. I. Todhunter. (Everyman's Library) Dut. 70 cents. *Scientific Salesmanship.* C. Bennett. Amer. Efficiency Bureau. $5. *Hypnosis and Suggestibility.* C. L. Hull. Apple. $3.75.

PAMPHLETS

American Policy of Recognition towards Mexico. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. *Cynewulf and His Poetry.* K. Sisam. Oxford Univ. Pr. 80 cents. *The Witch of Wych Street.* L. Waitzkin. Harvard Univ. Pr.

TRAVEL

Queer India. H. G. Franks. Morrow. $2.50.

Books of the Fall

(*Continued from page* 208)

Eugene O'Neill's new play, "Ah, Wilderness" (Random House), a comedy just produced by the Theatre Guild; Newman Levy's "Theatre Guyed" (Knopf), metrical satires on the contemporary stage; Edwin Arlington Robinson's long narrative poem, "Talifer" (Macmillan); Robinson Jeffers's "Give Your Heart to the Hawks" (Random House).

We are on the home stretch with only one more paragraph to go. We give it over to a practically unannotated list of miscellaneous books worthy of attention: "The Menace of Fascism" (Covici-Friede), by John Strachey; "Timber Line" (Covici-Friede), by Gene Fowler, an account of the *Denver Post;* "Trial by Prejudice" (Covici-Friede), by Arthur Garfield Hays; "Behind the Doctor" (Knopf), by Logan Clendening; and "Life in the Making" (Viking), by Dr. Alan Frank Guttmacher.

PERSONALS

VACANCY in select college prep near New York City for English department head, male, unmarried, in exchange for room, board, laundry. No salary. Send credentials immediately. Box R.

WIDOW desires to communiciate with gentleman (between 45 and 58) who teaches at some University or is a writer. One who loves music, the big "out-of-doors" prefers Winter sports to Florida—and looks approvingly upon a Christian Scientist.
Snow.

CAPABLE young lady who has taught in Japan would like to be companion or guide for lady, perhaps an invalid, who wishes to travel in Japan or other countries. If interested, write, care of this paper, to
Cherry Blossom.

MONTANA widow (not too young or modern), various interests, would correspond with personable, companion—able (not too cultured or young) man. Box 291.

HIGH BROWED, square jawed male. Adaptable, warm hearted, eager. Unusually intelligent for one of my months (3½). My grandfather is Flush of Broadway. My whole lifetime of affection available for $75.00 if you suit me. P. W.

FOR SALE: Small country bookshop and circulating library. Within forty miles of New York City. Established five years. Steady all year custom. Box 292.

BUSINESS WOMAN, single, healthy, romantic, semi-intelligent—in Atlanta, Georgia for winter—desires companionship of congenial youngish man (preferably tall) for occasional dutch treat evenings or informal discussions (over coffee). Box 293.

CARMEL DOLLARS. Artistic design by Jo Mora. Printed in colors. Total issue 1000 used in Carmel-by-the-Sea. Cancelled through banks. Limited number available for souvenirs 25 cents each. Box 1407, Carmel, California.

FROM Boston, often in New York on business, young enough to want gay, intelligent companionship and old enough to value it, desires communication with gentleman who enjoys literature and music and meets life humorously. Box 268.

43, SINGLE male, Thousand Islands, interested in Nature, Philosophy and first causes generally, wants to correspond with either sex who have made glad acquaintance with the works of D. H. Lawrence previous to the publication of Lady Chatterley's Lover. Box 289.

YOUNG (38) blonde widow, average mentality, slightly old-fashioned, domestically inclined, interested in humanity, would welcome correspondence with refined gentleman, to break the monotony of life. Box 290.

WHY be lonely? Send stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Wash.

FAGGED young poet, sick to death of feeding her lamp under a bushel, solicits assistance or advice. "Dejected," c/o *Sat. Rev.*

WANTED—correspondents who can give encouragement, information, advice, or assistance in the study of the Irish language to young man, university graduate, who desires to make it his life work, but at present lacks contacts and opportunities. G. W. B.

BZZZZ—What urbane dame wants correspondence wherewith to swap notions, twaddle or the jitters with a dangerous suburban male, thirty odd years a hopeless flirt.
WOUNDUP.

EDITOR, cynically aware of the propensities of literature. wishes three unemployed authors to substitute for a hot air furnace that has gone wrong. Box 312.

WRITER wants to meet another for mutual criticism and discussion. N. F.

GENTLEMAN, thirties, tall, good appearance, cultured, capable, will manage or work on private estate, teach, riding, golf, bridge, dancing, music, etc., for wages. "Versatile."

RARE old dictionary of the Kalispel or Flat-head Indian language. One of two originally bound. Must sell. Box 278.

YOUNG lady, solid college, secretarial training, desires interesting position with author, journalist. Box 279.

ACCORDING to the Winds of Quercus, for which Rabelais had a fitter word, Maister Doctor Rosenbach, alias Rosy, is dubbed by Doctor A. Edward Newton, the well-known gossip, as "A man halfway between his first and second childhoods." Newton flatters "Rosy." Any man who ballyhoos that Edmund Spenser inscribed his first sonnet of Amoretti to a dame four years before he met her: well, to me he has not reached his first childhood.
George Frisbee.

IS THERE an intelligent man around learned Boston, unmarried, between 35-40, who perhaps likes football and dancing and also real conversation occasionally?
Dorothy.

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PERSONALS

STUDENT of Astrology would enjoy astrological correspondence with sane, middle-aged Arian, or Sagittarian. "Leo."

DESIRE to make home for small grand piano. Best of care guaranteed. Jean.

WIDOW of army officer, pleasing personality, who writes fine hand and types well; assist in literary work, act as secretary and companion in home of woman of refinement. Box 280.

WIDOW, early thirties, conscientious, ambitious, personable, desires position as secretary or companion. Box 281.

WE WILL do almost anything to continue living in our home—even live with the new owner. Heaven help us if his disposition is cantankerous; ours is wonderful. The loveliest home in the world; the most beautiful location ditto—a New York authority admits it; the choicest city in California. Should an elderly man, woman, or couple wish to live in their own home without the managerial responsibility, we will sell them the last home we ever expected to build—and we are not old, live with them paying our own way, assume the domestic and grounds management without salary, loan the house furnishings. Trustees, executors, guardians, brokers, any one with a ward, this will bear the most rigid investigation. Box 282.

SCHOOLMARM, fairly interesting, would enjoy correspondence with gentleman equally endowed. Box 283.

WOMAN, who prefers Yardley's to Coty's and Mozart to Stravinsky, would enjoy correspondence with man who will soon know whether life begins at 40. No unhappy husbands or startled fawns need write. Box 284.

RIDING boots, breeches, practically new. Owner will sell at half cost. Box 285.

MIDDLE-AGED man, credited with tact and knack of "getting on with people," wants post as companion or amanuensis. Would also consider association with children. Box 286.

TEACHER, spending first year in small mountain town, terribly bored, wishes correspondence with young man living in east. Particularly interested in international relations, plays and poetry. Westerner.

BREATHES there a man (white, single, middle-aged, Christian, cultured, successful) with soul not dead, who often to himself has said: "Wish I might find Her in New York"? He might. Box 271.

YOUNG lady, college and advanced degrees, high literary and intellectual abilities, desires position of any kind in college or university circles anywhere. American Protestant, good social background, sense of humor, love of out-doors; versatile talents, varied experience, taste for research, expert typist, proofreader, initiative, originality. Box 270.

YOUNG man (26) would like to correspond with and or contact personally a few intelligent (not pedantic) acquaintances regardless of race, sex, or social position to supply an outlet and an interest for an ego which is undergoing a devastating inertia. To those similarly afflicted: greetings. Box 272.

IS THERE a young man (Jewish), between 25 and 35, who would like to correspond with girl on books and topics of the day? My favorite authors—O'Henry and Sholem Aleichem. Favorite magazine—"Readers Digest." Box 267.

A RELIABLE and cultured young man would like to meet a girl displaying a little more emotional richness, intellectual complexity, and depth of character than he has observed in any he has so far met. Amans.

BUSINESS woman of forty—who thinks she is not the old-maid type—interested in books, music, swimming, and movies, would welcome correspondence with "unattached" man of similar tastes. Widower, at least several years her senior, preferred. Anyone looking for "high brow" need not write. FORTY.

ARTIST, paints portraits from life, photographs. Unique Christmas gift—distinctive, valued. Reasonable. Will also exchange portrait work for property, etc. Fhar.

YOUNG woman, 30, liking literature, music, the theatre, desires contact with one possessing similar interests. Box 276.

COLLEGE graduate (journalism) will sell services to anybody for any legitimate purpose at any wage. Writing specialty. Box 277.

YOUNG woman desires correspondence with Canadians and Scandinavians. Box 287.

MIDDLE-AGED woman, refined, intelligent, wishes position as companion-secretary. Reasonable compensation. Travel if needed. L. D.

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Pickwick Club

DICKENS'S POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Oxford University Press, for the Limited Editions Club. 2 vols. 1933.

ANOTHER edition of the "Pickwick Papers" comes along for attention. This printing has been done by the Oxford University Press as two folio volumes set in Bodoni type and printed on a fine flexible paper. It may as well be said at once that such book making as this and the "Vanity Fair" issued in 1931 and printed at Oxford may be good book making, but is not our idea of good book making. It is absurd to send out books weighing several pounds each, too big and too heavy to hold while reading; and if the defense is that everyone has read Dickens anyway, and that these volumes are issued not to read but to look at for the sake of the pictures, why then not issue the pictures separately? In fact, if the Limited Editions Club had issued a thin, perfectly printed folio of John Austen's pictures, prefaced by Chesterton's introduction, as a sort of Pickwick Club Annex, leaving the reader to buy a copy of the Everyman "Papers," no harm and much good might have been done. For the Introduction and the pictures are really worth while, and serve nicely to supplement the Papers.

R.

The Dolphin

THE DOLPHIN: A Journal of the Making of Books. Number One. New York: Lihited Editions Club. 1933. $10.

THIS is the first number of a new annual publication devoted to the art and craft of book making. If one may judge from this number, the *Dolphin* aims to instruct the book collector who has no special knowledge of the technicalities of book making, but who may be supposed to have a lively interest in the production of the objects he gathers. The contents of the first number provide popular education along encyclopædic lines, rather than the results of research in typography. In this respect the new annual follows more nearly in the path marked out some years ago by that admirable monthly, *Printing Art*, which, too, it somewhat resembles in typographic form.

In this first issue there are provided articles on type, on format, on inks, paper, reproductive processes and binding, and a survey of book making in America and Europe during the past few years. To give the typical American touch to the book, there is included one of Mr. Theodore W. Koch's delightful translations of a French bibliophilistic tale.

In general it may be said that the quality of the contributions is high, but not extraordinary. I would perhaps select Mr. Wroth's treatise on "Formats and Sizes" as one of the best; while the two articles on type-making, one by Mr. Goudy and one by Mr. Paul Koch (son of Rudolph Koch of the Klingspor group) are delightfully at odds with each other, and clearly expressed. Mr. Hart's "Bibliotheco Typographica" would seem to be a reprint of his book of the same name issued previously. It is probable that it was planned to issue the list first in the *Dolphin*, but enforced delay in issuing the magazine resulted in the prior appearance of the book.

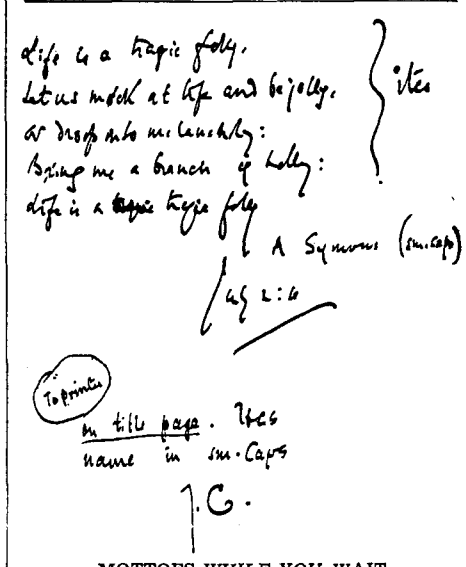
Some hundred and fifty pages are given over to the survey of modern printing in America and England, written by various hands. With these are provided a considerable number of illustrations of contemporary books. The articles and the pictures are of much value in keeping abreast of current work. The selections and the judgments will not receive unanimous approval, but will serve to suggest what the authors esteem as the more important tendencies and results of modern printing. It seems to me that the reproductions of type pages would have been more representative of letter-press printing if done in photo-zinc line blocks rather than in mechanical photogravure.

In format the book is severely simple and clearly printed in Scotch Roman type, and bound in blue cloth with silver stamping. There is no index, which, for the survey of modern printing at least, would have been useful.

As a record of the yearly course of book printing, as well as because it may serve as a suitable medium for the publication of more scholarly articles, the *Dolphin* is welcome and should have a wide circulation.

Mr. Macy is to be congratulated on going ahead with the venture at a time when the launching of so ambitious a new annual is so precarious. We wish it every success.

R.


Life is a tragic folly.
Let us look at life and be jolly.
Or drop into melancholy:
Bring me a branch of holly:
life is a tragic tragic folly
A Synonym (sm.caps)
Ag 1:6
To printer
in title page. This
name in sm.caps
J.C.

MOTTOES WHILE YOU WAIT

Original title-page sentiment by Arthur Symons, and in his hand, for Conrad's "'Twixt Land and Sea" (London, 1912). The printer's directions are by Conrad. From the John Quinn sale catalogue.

Philadelphia Comedy

THE CITY LOOKING GLASS: PHILADELPHIA COMEDY. By Robert M. Bird. New York, for the Colophon, 1933. $7.20.

THIS is the first edition of a comedy written in 1828 by Robert Montgomery Bird, one of the earliest, and, according to Mr. Quinn, who writes an Introduction, certainly one of the best of our early American dramatists. The play has lain in MS. until the present edition, while it was acted for the first time in January of this year by the Zelosophic Society of the University of Pennsylvania.

As a play one may recommend the friendly criticism of Mr. Quinn, whose introduction is biographical as well as critical. As printing, the book lacks charm, and the title-page has the forlorn appearance of a cracked mirror. We have had things so much better from the Pynson Printers that only the printer's mark convinces us that they are responsible.

R.

Printing Chronology

CHRONOLOGY OF BOOKS AND PRINTING. 300 *B. C. to* 1932 *A. D. By Helen Gentry and David Greenhood. San Francisco: Helen Gentry.* 1933. $2.

UNDER marginal heads of different years from 300 B. C. to 1932, and written in the present tense, are five or six hundred historical items about printing and bookmaking. A casual reading of the book shows fewer inaccuracies either of fact or judgment than one would suppose possible, and a balanced selection of events and dates. There is a list of "principal sources consulted," and a full index. The book is admirably arranged and printed, and of a becoming modesty of size. It is two dollars' worth of succinct information about the higher spots of printing, and, so far as checked, it is accurate. All students and collectors might well possess it.

R.

CLASSIFIED

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The ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified page are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G.H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

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Exactly twenty years ago the writer of these lines was initiated into the mysteries of philosophy—"not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose"—by PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN. And today *The Inner Sanctum* is celebrating the anniversary by proclaiming the glad tidings that PROFESSOR PITKIN'S latest book, *More Power to You!, A Working Technique for Making the Most of Human Energies,* is starting its career with a flurry of telegraphic and telephonic re-orders from the Trade, definitely indicating the arrival of a best-seller of the first magnitude.

To use the favorite phrase of the business office, the blurb-less, adjective-less, certified-public-accountant facts are these:

SALES OF *More Power to You!*

FIRST EDITION:
5,000 copies—*sold out*
SECOND EDITION:
3,000 copies—*sold out*
THIRD EDITION:
5,000 copies—*on press*
FOURTH EDITION:
5,000 copies—*just ordered*
[All within the first week of publication!]

Is it any wonder that the tempo of the *Inner* and *Outer Sancta Sanctorum* has been visibly accelerated since *More Power to You!* was published a week ago last Friday . . . that billing machines and typewriters are clattering away with greater speed and energy? The word has already gone up and down the land that another "natural of naturals" has arrived—a basic book that meets a basic human need, an inspirational book *that means business*—a book to rank . . . *The Art of Thinking* and *Life Begins at Forty.*

More Power to You! tells not only *why* but *how* to develop a practical technique for peak performance in human achievement . . . how to fit "the strenuous life" into the larger objectives of effective and civilized living . . . how to tap hidden sources of energy and enlist the magic reserves of "second wind" . . . how to re-organize one's habits of eating, sleeping and working . . . how to outwit bores and wage the unwearying war against time. . . .

To call a man a half-wit, says PROFESSOR PITKIN, is to shower him with flattery, for most mortals use only *one-seventh* of their brains. And *More Power to You!,* without pollyanna generalizations, and without wires and mirrors, shows how to increase this percentage—a consummation devoutly to be wished by

—ESSANDESS.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

Quercus III (and what a delightful fellow) is being disciplined for an arduous Trade Winds career by his senior kinsmen Old and Medium. They haven't read Dr. Pitkin's *More Power to You!* which is said to reveal the secret of Making the Most of Human Energy. But they know how to make the most of Tertius. It is his job to carry the Tools of the Trade when they go out for their weekly editorial tiffin, which is called Bread and Quercuses. The tools consist of a bag full of Dope which has accumulated during the week, a pad of yellow paper, scissors, paste, a file of the *Publishers' Weekly* and a copy of *The Oxford Companion to English Literature* (874 pp., $4.50) without which Old Quercus never goes anywhere.

This week they are lunching at the Terminal Bar and Grill, 236 West 50. It is a romantic place, Old Quercus thinks, because it is alongside a big parking yard where the Greyhound and other busses start for distant cities. It is the Tabard Inn of the Tenderloin. Sentiment runs rich and strong in the Quercus family: they like to imagine pilgrims coming in to the Terminal Bar and Grill for a late sandwich and beer and a tune on the radio; then tally-ho for Ashtabula or Tallahassee.

Tertius:—How about spaghetti and meat balls?

Old Q.:—No grub till we get through this bunch of notes.

Medium Q.:—Speaking of Pitkin, I like the dedication of his book *To My Two Oldest and Best Friends, Lecithin and Cholesterol*—which are, I presume, medicines of tonic virtue.

Old Q.:—A dedication which seems to me eminently graceful is A. A. Milne's in his new book *Four Days' Wonder.* As you know, our old friend E. V. Lucas was recently given a Birthday Honor by the King. Milne charmingly says: *To E. V. Lucas, Whose Company, Now Officially an Honour, Has Always Been a Delight.*

Medium Q.:—I look forward with great expectations to the *Concise French Dictionary* (by Abel Chevalley) which will continue the noble series of Oxford lexicons.

Old Q.:—M. Chevalley is a frequent contributor to the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Tertius:—Will that be another book I'll have to carry with me to our meetings?

Medium Q.:—Here is a letter from a friendly subscriber who says that when his copy of the REVIEW was delayed in the mail he rushed all the way from 57th Street to 45th, during his lunch hour, to buy the paper.

Old Q.:—Bravo! But the magazine is on sale at the better bookstores: I'm sure that Dutton's, or Minnie Whaley's on his own street, could have supplied him?

Medium Q.:—I have always maintained that our subscribers are the very nicest kind of people—

Old Q.:—Even when they get into trouble, it is not of the graver sort. Here is an order for a subscription to go to a State prison, but it is explicitly marked *Only Three Months;* the offence was doubtless venial.

Tertius:—Here is an entry on the menu, it says Hot Turkey Sandwich 30 cents. How about it?

Medium Q.:—Business seems to be very good in England: I hear that Heinemann, in London, got an advance sale of 60,000 copies on Galsworthy's *One More River.*

Old Q.:—I wish to enter a citation for the Twickenham Book Shop of Ardmore, Pennsylvania, in whose window last week I saw a copy of Pearsall Smith's *On Reading Shakespeare.* It is already in its third printing, what ho!

Medium Q.:—Here is a letter from a reader who says "Your issue of October 14 went through me between tackle and guard. It convinced me that I really want to buy four books, viz., *Life in the Making,* by Guttmacher; *Rabble in Arms,* by Kenneth Roberts (when it is ready); *Theatre Guyed,* by Newman Levy; and *Testament of Youth,* by Vera Brittain."

Old Q.:—Blue Eagle is pleased.

Medium Q.:—He adds that the *Personals* kept him awake pondering "the Larger Liveability."

Tertius:—I say, old-timers, what about some bean soup?

Old Q.:—Yes, it's all very mystifyin' as Philo Vance says.

Medium Q.:—Is that where Philo "raises his eyebrows whimsically," or where he reaches for a Régie cigarette? Or in one of the two instances where he used "infer" for "imply"?

Old Q.:—I rather enjoy Ludovic Travers, the detective in *The Crank in the Corner*—

Medium Q.:—A Morrow Mystery, published October 11, $2.00—

Old Q.:—Exactly. I like Ludovic's use of the gerund as an aid to detection—a gerund, Tertius, is a verbal form used as a noun.

Tertius:—If I said, "Suppose we do some eating," then *eating* would be a gerund?

Old Q.:—Stout fellow.

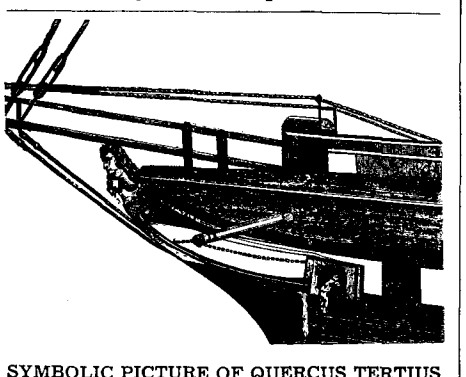
Medium Q.:—I see that Henry Holt have published the famous Otto Jespersen's *Essentials of English Grammar,* a work I desiderate—

Old Q.:—Let us add to our Christmas List the fine *Studio* Prints for the Modern Home, reproductions in color (12 x 15 inches) of modern paintings—$3.00 each. That one of *Winter, North Atlantic* by Frank H. Mason gives me a pleasure.

Medium Q.:—Harry Snyder, the Far Eastern traveller, reports that business is fine in China. One store in Peiping has bought 250 copies of Mrs. Buck's *All Men Are Brothers.*

Old Q.:—And Don Bate writes from Honolulu that the new University Book Shop opened on October 1st with a tea-party and a fine stock of assorted titles.

Medium Q.:—The best news I know is the coming publication of *archy's life of mehitabel* by Don Marquis. It's due on



SYMBOLIC PICTURE OF QUERCUS TERTIUS CLIMBING THROUGH THE HAWSE

October 25; I can hardly wait. Don's previous *archy* book has gone through 15 printings.

Old Q.:—I am very much disturbed by the advertisements of importers urging immediate order of wines and spirits pending Repeal. They mention a lot of very doubtful vintages.

Medium Q.:—The ignorant American palate will be imposed upon.

Old Q.:—That is what ignorance is for. But I implore you to dissuade our clients from ordering Sparkling Burgundy, which is anathema to any connoisseur of the Côte d'Or.

Medium Q.:—I pick up what Ray Long and Richard Smith call their "Blurbless Catalogue" and on the first page I fiid *"sensational new novel . . . this poignant story . . . vivid audacity. . . ."*

Old Q.:—What I like best in that catalogue is the note on Mr. Holliday's book *Unmentionables;* it is described as "Feminine underwear—its expansian and elimination through the centuries—told authoritatively."

Medium Q.:—Here's good news: the concluding volumes (17 and 18) of the marvellous *Boswell Papers,* published by William Edwin Rudge, will be ready for the subscribers next month.

Old Q.:—It will be a big day for the world of readers when the Viking Press gets around to doing the trade edition of that extraordinary work. Also, that reminds me that the second volume issued on the Rosenbach Fellowship in Bibliography, at the University of Pennsylvania, is *American Bookshelf,* 1755, by Lawrence C. Wroth, who reviews all the outpourings of the Colonial press of that era. A valuable study in book history.

Medium Q.:—I enjoyed Dale Warren's article, in the *New England Quarterly* for September, on "John West, Bookseller,' who had a shop at 75 Cornhill, Boston, in the 18th century. Mr. Warren has one of West's old catalogues (1797) and muses pleasantly upon it.

Old Q.:—But the most interesting trade news this week is that Ike Mendoza, down at 15 Ann Street, celebrated the 40th anniversary of his well-loved bookshop. Several of his old customers took occasion to drop in and eat lunch with him to honor the day—

Tertius:—Hey! Waiter!! Bring me some corned beef and cabbage.

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